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FORUM

and Century

JUNE

SOUTH OF SCOTTSBORO

BY BEN COTHRAN

In Praise of Boon-Doggling	HENRY GODDARD LEACH	321
A Flyer's Husband	GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM	330
Education and Our Society. ***A Debate***	JOHN DEWEY & TYLER DENNETT	333
Be Your Own Banker. ***On Credit Unions***	BERTRAM B. FOWLER	338
Poets and Their Problems	MARY M. COLUM	343
Salvation by Murder. ***Two Anarchists***	HARRY SODERMAN	348
Japanese Prints	OKUMURA MASANOBU	352
New Life in China	MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK	354
Music in the Making	JAMES L. MURSELL	361
From Main Street to Wall Street	J. LIONBERGER DAVIS	365
The Catholicism of Protestantism	THEODORE MAYNARD	367
From Seventy On	F. S. BRIGHT	371
Lawyers on the Loose	JEROME BEATTY	372
The World As I Want It	CLARENCE TRUE WILSON	375
Stewed Quaker	DELLA T. LUTES	376
A Page for Poets		381
Who Said It? ***Last Month of the Contest***		382

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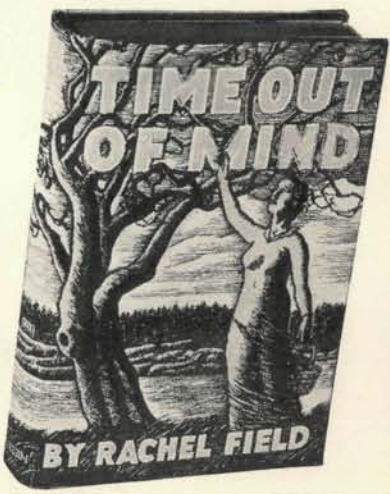

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THE
FORUM
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

STERILIZATION

A DEBATE

Paul Popenoe and John A. Ryan

Voluntary sterilization, of both defective individuals and of normal but indigent citizens, is legal in some of the United States. In Germany, compulsory sterilization has become a political prerogative. It is an issue which bids fair to become both vital and bitter with the passage of time. Mr. Popenoe is head of the Human Betterment Foundation in California and an authority on sterilization. His arguments for more widespread recognition of the benefits of sterilization, under certain conditions, are based less upon the biological than the social grounds. His opponent, Father Ryan, is Director of the social-action department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. His attack on the practice of sterilization is more than a refutation of Mr. Popenoe's points. He poses the moral issue raised by his church and asserts that legal sterilization is, in this connection, an abuse of minority rights.

AUTHORS: ARE THEY HUMAN?

Michael Joseph

Megalomania, in varying degrees of severity, is a common, nay an almost universal, affliction of those humans addicted to writing, mourns Mr. Joseph in an engaging vein, half-belligerent, half-sorrowful. Gentleman authors, he says, are pretty bad, although "gentleman" is perhaps not the *mot juste*, but the dames — ! We gather they are pretty bad. Michael Joseph is a light of that oft-maligned species, the literary agent, who, if the author is to be believed, occupies an uncomfortably vulnerable spot in no man's land, raked by the joint fire of author and publisher.

THE FORCES AGAINST ART

Ralph M. Pearson

Colleen Moore has spent ten years of effort and $435,000 to build a miniature fairy castle. Is this art? If not, why? And what of it? Mr. Pearson discusses American traditions in "art" and draws some challenging conclusions about what he calls our "aesthetic impotence."

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY

J. B. Rhine

Professor Rhine, whose three recent articles in THE FORUM dealing with psychic research have aroused wide comment, begins a new series. This first paper examines that gift, real or imagined, which has mystified humans since the Delphic Oracle and as lately as the inspired utterance of "Prosperity is just around the corner."

YOUTH LOOKS AHEAD

William Kenworthy

"I am of the working class, when I am working; at present I am not. My generation is beginning to think. We are still young enough to fight but not old enough to take responsibility; soon, however, we shall be moving up the line." William Kenworthy is a young Englishman, but he and his kind in Britain are facing problems not far removed from those confronting American young men and women. Whatever "line" William Kenworthy moves up, that line, too, will our own youths take. Will it be the battle line?

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

I CHANGE WORLDS, by Anna Louise Strong (Holt, $3.00). When the pioneer impulse is sufficiently strong, a mere closing of the American frontier can hardly hold it back. A descendant of old, adventurous, idealistic stock, Anna Louise Strong found that America cramped her energies and limited her ardent desire to be of use in the world. After an experience of social work and of radical activity in Seattle at the time of the general strike, Miss Strong set out for Russia in 1921 and has remained ever since in the country of her adoption. Not satisfied with her position as a Hearst correspondent, Miss Strong wished to be accepted by the people she so greatly admired, to fight with them for the building of socialism, to be one with them in action as well as spirit. They rejected her overtures at first, but she persisted, in spite of many rebuffs, until she learned that she must temper her individualistic impulses to Russian discipline if she expected to get anywhere. Miss Strong's autobiography is reminiscent of Lincoln Steffens' and of Sheean's *Personal History*. She, too, is recording a cataclysmic change of ideas and reporting from wide knowledge on famous personalities and world events. She followed the course of revolution in Soviet Russia, Mexico, and China — where her experience, incidentally, closely paralleled Sheean's; she did relief work for the Quakers through the terrible period of the Russian famine; she helped to found an agricultural colony and the *Moscow Daily News*. She knew Soviet Russia in the rigorous early days before the Five Year Plan, and her account of it is as full, as stimulating, and as interesting as any that has been made. Miss Strong is nothing like so brilliant a writer as Vincent Sheean, but this story of a born Puritan who has renounced capitalism for communism belongs with the major autobiographies of the twentieth century.

A FEW FOOLISH ONES, by Gladys Hasty Carroll (Macmillan, $2.50). Whereas Mrs. Carroll's earlier novel concentrated on one family, *A Few Foolish Ones* tells the story of a whole community over a period of fifty years. A more substantial book than *As the Earth Turns*, it is equally insistent upon the rewards and satisfactions of the rural way of life. Its setting is a small backwoods community in Southern Maine; its hero an enterprising, reticent New Englander named Gus Bragdon, who amasses a comfortable fortune by acquiring timberland. He and his daughter Kate are contented stay-at-homes, immune to the influences which slowly alter their neighborhood and drive the earlier settlers townwards. The Bragdons are solider people than the emotional, unstable families to which they are linked by marriage, and their decision to cling to the soil is presented as a sound one. The story begins, incidentally, in 1870, and Mrs. Carroll is at her nostalgic best in describing the simple, hearty pleasures of farm life during the late nineteenth century. Less sentimental than *As the Earth Turns*, richer in action and interplay of character, *A Few Foolish Ones* is a mellow, satisfying evocation of a half-vanished America.

CHRONICLES OF BARABBAS, by George H. Doran (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). Deriving his title from Byron's legendary sally, "Now Barabbas was a publisher," Mr. Doran has drawn on an experience of fifty years for this lively and flavorsome autobiography. He started modestly in Toronto, with a firm that published religious texts, and he became the head of a great house which was merged only recently with Doubleday, Page. Mr. Doran's religious leanings survive to some extent in his judgment of our more flamboyant contemporaries, but for the most part his estimates and pen sketches of the great are shrewd, piquant, generous, and understanding. He is particularly good when dealing with his intimate friends, such as Arnold Bennett, Swinnerton, and H. G. Wells, but even totally different people like Aldous Huxley and Michael Arlen receive full justice from their erstwhile publisher. In addition to his rich portrait gallery of authors, British and American, Mr. Doran has some interesting tales to tell about plagiarism and the genesis of literary agents, about the freakish ways in which books become best sellers, about the adventures and mischances of a singularly fascinating profession. His book is amusing, pleasantly and informally written, a little sentimental, but endearingly so.

RESTLESS DAYS, by Lilo Linke (Knopf, $3.00). Lilo Linke, a young Social Democrat now in exile in England, belongs to the luckless generation which inherited a defeated Germany. During the war she was a mere child, able to remember only poverty, hunger, and cold; in her late 'teens she joined the famous German youth movement, with its emphasis on physical fitness, simple outdoor pleasures, and a free companionship of the sexes. From the youth movement, which taught her to use her quick intelligence and her executive ability, she progressed naturally into politics and for a number of years fought valiantly for the doomed Weimar Republic. The accession of Hitler spelled an end of hope for herself and her companions, some of whom joined the Nazis, some of whom, like herself, fled from a country they could no longer consider theirs. As *Tale Without End*, her earlier book, proved, Fraulein Linke is a writer of unusual candor, freshness, and charm. This autobiography of hers is at once an engrossing personal narrative and an epitaph for a whole generation of German youth. Lilo Linke's experience was a fairly typical one; her account of it brings one closer to an understanding of modern Germany than any of the numerous novels which have dealt with the same period.

THE ISLAND, by Claire Spencer (Smith & Haas, $2.50). Reverting to the romantic, legendary vein of *Gallows' Orchard*, Miss Spencer has chosen for her setting a storm-swept island off the coast of Scotland where fishing and farming are the only means of livelihood. Gavin and Duncan Muir, twin brothers of widely disparate temperaments, fall in love with the same fragile, gold-haired girl and in so doing seal their joint doom. Duncan seduces Lucy; Gavin marries her; and the dark passions which this twisted relationship rouses play themselves out inexorably to a tragic end. Miss Spencer is not a realist. Her method is a lyrical heightening of actual life, an emphasis on atmosphere and romantic strangeness. Her book may seem extravagant at times, but she sustains the intense mood which she creates so artfully, and her powerful, glowing descriptions of island scenery and island life create a proper framework for her melodrama.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF, by Prince Hosea K. Nyabongo (Scribner, $3.00). Cast though it is in fictional form, this delightful history of Mujungu — son of a clan chief in the Buganda country — obviously comes close to autobiography. Prince Nyabongo, who has studied at both Yale and Oxford, has the extra, salty perspective of an educated man on African tribal ways and African culture. He knows that his people are primitive and often barbarous, but with deceptive blandness he insinuates his belief that their wisdom is sometimes superior to that of their Christian schoolmasters. Mujungu, who was born about ten years after the disrupting advent of Stanley, is educated

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THE BOOK PARADE

rigorously at a missionary school. Being intelligent, he raises awkward questions of theology and manners, nor can one blame him for feeling that life at home, in the pleasant society of his father's three hundred seventy-four wives, is in many ways preferable to his experience of Westernization. In the course of the narrative one learns surprising things about African views on polygamy, economics, birth control, and medicine; one listens with Mujungu to enchanting folk tales; and one carries away a new respect for this far-distant race whom Prince Nyabongo describes with such intimate and sympathetic understanding.

FATHERLAND, by Karl Billinger (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). Karl Billinger is the pseudonym of a young German communist who was arrested for his activities in circulating Party propaganda and thrown into a concentration camp by the Nazi police. His record of the tortures inflicted on prisoners in the Columbia House, where he was first taken to be questioned and "disciplined," and at the concentration camp at Hubertshof, where he was finally taken to be *gleichgeschaltet* (coordinated), a term the Nazis have found convenient in explaining their treatment of captured political enemies, reads like a horror story of World War days. But this is more than a mere record of cruelties, for Mr. Billinger has been able to view his sufferings and the sufferings of his companions in misery from a detached viewpoint which grasps the motives underlying this reign of terror and indicates their weaknesses and the weaknesses of the whole Nazi program. *Fatherland* is not a pleasant book, but it is an important one, deserving a place beside *Hitler Over Europe*, by Ernst Henri, which appeared last year.

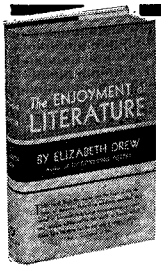
NOT FOR HEAVEN, by Dorothy McCleary (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). Somewhat in the vein of *February Hill* and certainly at least as good, this is the story of a robust, spicy-tongued old woman whose twin passions were her garden and her ancient horse, Ned. An anemic daughter and a rather spoiled young son could not begin to match Mrs. Bostwick's vitality, to curb her language, nor to check her more vulgar impulses. Miss McCleary's novel, which won a prize offered to *Story* contributors, is a fresh, infectious, and entertaining piece of work — never too extravagant for belief, pungently different from the common run of novels. Its rather slim plot is amply compensated for by the vigor of its characterization.

ARDEN ACRES, by Jessica Nelson North (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A sleazy real-estate development near Chicago is the scene of this fresh, humorous, and rather touching story. The Chapins, like most of their neighbors, lived in a down-at-heels shack and took things casually. When times were good, they sported cheap finery and went to the Veterans' dances; when Tim lost his job they would lapse back on relief. Loretta, Tim's wife, was wholly irresponsible, and the children would have grown up any-which-way if it had not been for Gram and the oldest daughter, Joan. Miss North's appealing story, too, reminds one inevitably of *February Hill*, though in honesty it must be said that *Arden Acres* has less verve and pungency, is more sentimental and not so brilliantly alive.

THE GODS IN PLAIN GARB, by Emil Humble (Putnam, $3.00). One must be a student of philosophy and comparative religion fully to assimilate the argument of this curious and provocative book. Mr. Humble believes that the primal cause is mind, that science and theology have contributed little to human happiness, that all religions, including Christianity, used their gods as symbols to express their understanding of mind, and that what he calls true psychology is the legitimate heir of these ancient mysteries. There is a touch of Couéism and Christian Science in Mr. Humble's prescription for the good life, but, whether or not one agrees that man can think himself out of any dilemma, Mr. Humble's book is certainly a compendium of strange and startling information.

CASTLE IN ANDALUSIA, by Elizabeth Sprigge (Macmillan, $2.50). This is the strange, romantic story of Catharine Marston — a young English girl who marries a Spanish aristocrat and takes up her life with him in his ancient, fortress-like home in remote Andalusia. Catharine is repelled by Ramón's sensuality, his feudal notions of a *señora's* position, his brutality to the peasants on his estate. Finding marriage difficult, she turns for friendship and consolation to Pedro, a peasant-servitor who, it appears, is Ramón's illegitimate half brother. The Spanish Revolution of 1931 catches these three in its toils, forces Pedro and Catharine to admit their secret love, and confronts Ramón with problems of allegiance which eventually destroy him. Miss Sprigge's book is distinctly high-colored, and Pedro so chivalrous a figure as to be almost incredible, but her descriptions of Spanish life are excellent and unusual, and her account of the Revolution as vivid as an eye-witness report.

LETTERS TO SAINT FRANCIS AND HIS FRIARS, by Helen Walker Homan (Minton, Balch, $2.50). Repeating the distinctive formula of *By Post to the Apostles*, Mrs. Homan has addressed a series of imaginary epistles to the little poor man of Assisi and his principal brethren. As in the case of her



Mary Colum
in the April *Forum* says:
"I should like to recommend a book by Elizabeth Drew called *The Enjoyment of Literature*. Miss Drew has a rare power of moving easily and gracefully through the world of letters."

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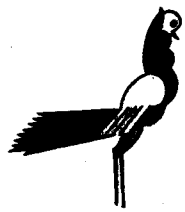

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THE BOOK PARADE

earlier book, these letters are charming, informal, and warm-hearted — a bit arch, perhaps, at times, but seldom distressingly so. In writing to the Saint himself and to Brothers Bernard, Giles, Juniper, Elias, and Leo, Mrs. Homan manages to recapitulate the most enchanting incidents in the Franciscan legend and to humanize still further that little band of friars.

DON'T EVER LEAVE ME, by Katharine Brush (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00). In her slickest and smoothest and very best style, Miss Brush has concocted a tale whose setting is a country club at the time of a Labor Day dance. A certain Mrs. Cunningham, many times married and anxious for the future of her difficult son, is the heroine of the story and a target for gossip in the Pennsylvania mill town which her husband rules. She is beautiful; she has a lover; therefore no one can believe that she is really a charming woman. Miss Brush's novel ends quite tragically, but her delineation of contemporary manners is so deft and stinging that the entertainment value of her book is stronger than its emotional appeal.

THE ENGLAND OF CHARLES II, by Arthur Bryant (Longmans, $2.00). Mr. Bryant, who is justly celebrated for his excellent biographies of Charles II and Samuel Pepys, here describes the ordinary, everyday life of the period he knows so well. Based though it is on long research, his slim and very ingratiating book has no taint of antiquarianism. He tells one, simply and charmingly, how people lived in the reign of Charles II, what they ate, what they wore, how they took their diversions, what rules of etiquette they followed, what they paid for the necessities of life. Particularly delightful are his descriptions of London, with its dark, dirty streets and its traffic jams, of boating on the Thames, and of the coarse, raffish watermen who bandied gibes with every passer-by. His little book is popular in the best sense and makes extraordinarily interesting reading.

RIPENESS IS ALL, by Eric Linklater (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). When a sentimental uncle dies and wills his fortune to whichever of them shall produce the most children in lawful wedlock, the Ganders embark on a mad scramble to increase the English birth rate. This farcical situation, exploited by Mr. Linklater to its furthermost possibilities, is the theme of a novel less incisive and witty than *Juan in America* but pretty funny just the same. It is only because Eric Linklater can do much better that one feels he has been a little reckless with his talents.

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER, by A. R. Craig (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Social prob-

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lems and romantic ones are queerly but inextricably blended in this story of a difficult marriage. Richard Lowth meets, in South America, an aging but rather magnificent adventuress who enslaves his imagination. When Cornelia dies he transfers his love to her daughter Sarah, a quiet, reticent girl as different as possible from her flamboyant mother. Miss Craig's divided theme is unfortunate, but she tells an unsual story provocatively and well.

THE WIZARD OF MONTE CARLO, by Count Egon Corite Corti (Dutton, $3.00). François Blanc, the man who made Monte Carlo, embarked on his first great enterprise with only a modest fortune in his pockets. Aided by the fact that France had recently abolished gaming houses, he began to attract all Europe to the obscure German watering town where he had obtained a concession. Homburg sprang to glory overnight, and, after only a few years of Blanc's astute management, its casino became a Mecca for the most famous and wealthiest of gamblers. Some twenty years later — in 1863 — Blanc repeated his astonishing performance in the little principality of Monaco. Others had tried before him and failed miserably, but his Midas touch, his flair for publicity and resplendent elegance soon converted Monte Carlo into the world-renowned rendezvous it has remained ever since. Count Corti's book is packed with tales of illustrious gamblers and of millions won and lost at the gaming tables, but despite his picturesque material his writing is dry and without glamour.

MOSCOW YANKEE, by Myra Page (Putnam, $2.50). Although it is anything but subtle and indulges in rather crude blacks and whites, this is an interesting fictional account of Americans working in Russia. Andy, a former Detroit mechanic, comes to Moscow purely for the sake of a job. He is not in the least class-conscious, he reads little, and he has barely heard of Marx. How he is caught up into the rhythm of the New Russia is the burden of a naïve but earnest and lively little story.

THE BARBARIANS, by Virginia Faulkner (Simon & Schuster, $2.00). As if to prove that *Friends and Romans* was no accident, *The Barbarians* is as wickedly diverting and equally full of coruscating wisecracks. Maria Manfred reappears, ten years younger and not yet famous, together with a group of harum-scarum artists who make a shambles out of the Latin Quarter. The Barbarians, as they call themselves, are strangers to ordinary decency, and when they descend in a body upon a small Riviera resort the worst is bound to happen.

"PORK BARREL" or PWA?

HAROLD L. ICKES SAYS "TAKE YOUR CHOICE!"

$5,000,000,000 worth of your money hangs in the balance. Do we stick to our new Public Works policy or revert to the "Pork Barrel?" Harold L. Ickes, Public Works Administrator stands square for P.W.A. "99 cents on every dollar goes either for direct wages or materials" is his figure and he sticks by it with figures from the National Capitol. How will your dollar be spent? Here is your chance in the **June** *Review of Reviews* for a straight-from-the-shoulder report from Washington as the new $5,000,000,000 Administration gets under way.

TURN THE DIAL

Greta Garbo in Person

Television may be "just around the corner" but to radio officials in this country that corner has its complications! England and Germany however are already in up to the neck and expect to begin "televising" this year. Find out what your chances are of having Garbo in your own home via the magic eye in "Television" in the **June** *Review of Reviews.*

BUY "SUGAR"

And Take a Sweet Profit!

The Sugar Control Act is a shining example of New Deal legislation that works. Sugar companies are on the up. Due for period of prosperity. Read "Analyzing the Sugar Companies" in the **June** *Review of Reviews.* Specific analyses of eight companies show current trend and rise and fall over period of years. . . . Each month *Review of Reviews* presents a detailed analysis for the investor of one of the major industries of the country.

BATISTA: RULER OF CUBA

Batista rules the roost in Cuba — and while he keeps somebody else in as President he builds himself a fortress for a house with walls four feet thick. . . . A former barber, ditch-digger, brakeman and public stenographer he has won public support by his uncanny sense of knowing when to keep himself in the background. The story in the **June** *Review of Reviews* presents a Cuba that is taking orders from a Dictator.

THE EIGHTH POWER OF EUROPE

Central Europe has always been a debatable ground with hopeless intermixture of races. But the extraordinary Little Entente, built up since the World War, has done much to stabilize this restless region. The article in the **June** *Review of Reviews* shows the teeth of these "little countries" who can act big when they act together!

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The 1935 Prospector takes off in an aeroplane and thirty minutes later he is "on location." Our government has made pay dirt out of thin ore by raising the price of gold. World diggings from the Klondike to the dark heart of Africa echo to pumps and crushers. "King Gold in the Saddle" in the **June** *Review of Reviews* presents a graphic picture of how you can make a fortune in gold in 1936!

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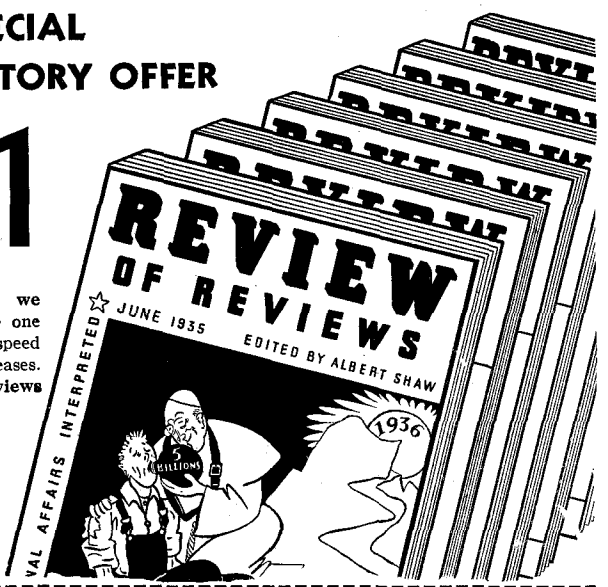

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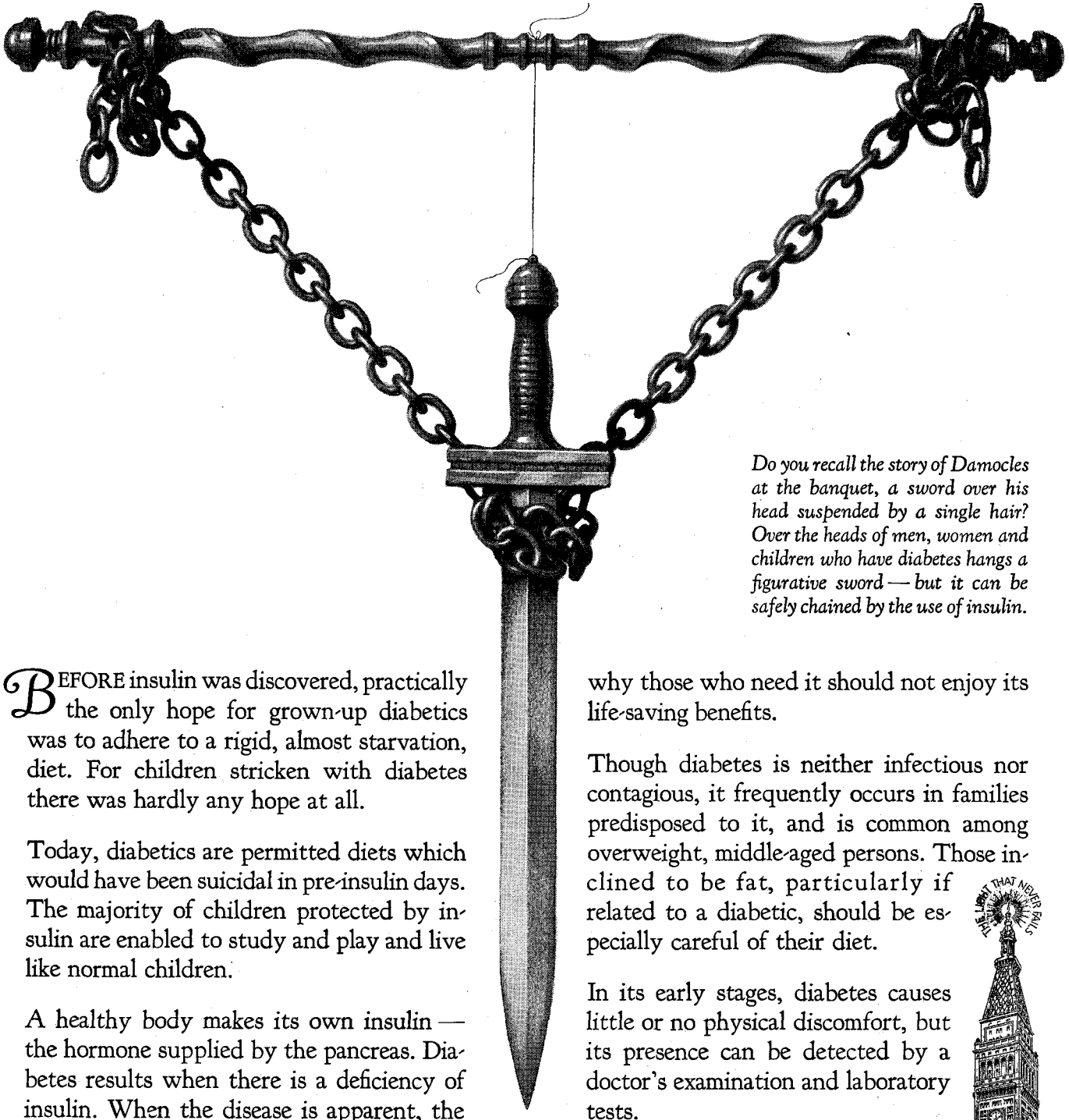
Chain the Sword



Do you recall the story of Damocles at the banquet, a sword over his head suspended by a single hair? Over the heads of men, women and children who have diabetes hangs a figurative sword — but it can be safely chained by the use of insulin.

BEFORE insulin was discovered, practically the only hope for grown-up diabetics was to adhere to a rigid, almost starvation, diet. For children stricken with diabetes there was hardly any hope at all.

Today, diabetics are permitted diets which would have been suicidal in pre-insulin days. The majority of children protected by insulin are enabled to study and play and live like normal children.

A healthy body makes its own insulin — the hormone supplied by the pancreas. Diabetes results when there is a deficiency of insulin. When the disease is apparent, the proper amount of injected insulin supplies a substitute for this essential element.

Injection of insulin is a simple matter. Most doctors show their patients, young and old, how to make the injections themselves. Insulin now costs less than formerly and it can be had everywhere. There is no reason why those who need it should not enjoy its life-saving benefits.

Though diabetes is neither infectious nor contagious, it frequently occurs in families predisposed to it, and is common among overweight, middle-aged persons. Those inclined to be fat, particularly if related to a diabetic, should be especially careful of their diet.

In its early stages, diabetes causes little or no physical discomfort, but its presence can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send, without cost, the booklet "Diabetes" which tells how to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes, and gives information about diet. Address Booklet Department **635-F.**

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IN PRAISE OF BOON-DOGGLING

Editorial Foreword

ADULT EDUCATION, art, and recreational activities under public relief in New York City have recently received a black eye from an epithet flung across the newspaper headlines — "boon-doggling." This word, used once for wooden windmills made by Boy Scouts, has been applied in derision to most of the so-called unproductive and merely cultural relief activities of the depressed white-collar class, whether its members are teaching woodcarving, drawing, music, or sports or are engaged in compiling long-needed scientific reports. The hurling of this epithet in the campaign against waste has probably set back intellectual and artistic pursuits under relief in many states. It takes a lot of courage to face the charge of "Waste, waste, waste!" Happily New York City has a mayor of stamina who is brave enough to foster even "boon-doggling" if he finds it in the public interest. As the Mayor says, some people make fun of foreign languages.

WASTE VS. CULTURE

SOME WASTE seems inevitable in public ventures into the artistic or scientific and non-utilitarian. No doubt as many "scandals" attended the construction of the pyramids in Egypt as the State Capitol of Pennsylvania with its historic murals or the now-crumbling paved walks of Central Park in New York City. Yet it is by these "useless" memorials that men measure civilization. There are many silver linings to the present depression, and among them is the widespread revaluation of moral standards which is sending many people along a soberer, healthier, more satisfying way of life. Another happy by-product of the depression is the aroused responsibility of local as well as federal government for art and for adult education. In the CCC camps we have an institution of tremendous possibilities for training in American character and responsibility. To artists throughout the country the federal government is giving unprecedented opportunities to realize long-suppressed dreams. One compensation for the depression, if economic recovery does not come too soon, will be that we have caught up just a little with civilization.

Particularly the foreign-born among us, such as the Germans with their feeling for music and the Latins with their appreciation of form and color, can culturally enrich our national life in this period of industrial calm. In Europe, music on the march sustains the political morale of the population.

In New York City the Mayor has recently appointed a Municipal Art Committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Henry Breckinridge.

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The one hundred members of this committee are divided into subcommittees to make recommendations for the public employment of artists and the public instruction of the citizens in the arts. There are committees on art plans and exhibits, the children's gallery, drama, dance, music at popular prices, municipal orchestra, music program for parks, a music-and-art high school, the municipal radio station, co-operation with the settlements, and a municipal art center.

In some respects American workingmen require mental recreation even more than do the white-collar classes. Men and women who sit at desks all day may require time for physical games, tennis and golf and swimming, to relax their tired brains and bring their bodies and glands into harmony with their nerves. On the other hand, the manual worker gets the physical exertion he needs with his work. In the evening he is fresh and receptive to reading or playing a musical instrument, choral singing or applauding an opera. James H. Maurer expressed this thought admirably in addressing a recreational congress: "Running, jumping, swimming, golf, tennis, and baseball are popularly considered the recreations for modern workers. They're good, no doubt, for those who need them, but few do; their work gives laboring men all the physical exertion they can handle. What they need is recreation of a different, contrasting kind — music, lectures, good books, light opera, educational dramatic productions, adult education in a classroom with restful chairs and an atmosphere of democracy."

For a Musical America

Of all the arts music is the most popular and useful in training the emotions. Instruction in music — vocal and instrumental — is happily very general in the public as well as the private schools of America. But much of this training is forgotten when the child graduates into an indifferent home whose musical interest is confined to passive listening to the radio. Private industry does much, it is true, to carry on in organizing bands and choral societies in the factories. For management believes that music brightens the morale of employees. The municipalities, however, should take more aggressive measures to open up empty auditoriums and public parks to bands, orchestras, and choruses and to organize young people, on leaving the schools, into amateur musical societies. The social continuity of students musically trained must be continued into life, as well as their individual proficiency.

There are two admirable books on public music which survey what has been done in every state of the Union. These books are: *Municipal Aid to Music in America* and *Music in Industry*. Both compilations are by Kenneth Sherman Clark, the song writer, who was Song Leader of the 79th Division overseas and for many years an executive of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. In the first book Mr. Clark shows that the sums spent by cities for public music and the number of cities contributing, compared with European municipalities, have been relatively small. In Europe some cities tax their cheap amusements to support good music. At the same time the musical achievement of several of our cities, such as the municipal opera in St. Louis, the municipal organ in Portland, Maine, and the Long Beach (California) Band, he finds phenomenal.

Particularly impressive is the achievement of the Department of Music of the City of Baltimore. Baltimore was apparently our first city to have a municipal anthem. The words were chosen from nine thousand submitted poems. The city employs a municipal director of music, Mr. Frederick R. Huber, who supervises many matters, including the work of the municipal band and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Band concerts can be held wherever there is an open space, for the band uses a portable stand which is moved about on a truck, as are the chairs for the audience. In 1915 Baltimore became the first American city to maintain a symphony orchestra. Its success has been cumulative. Prices for concerts are sufficiently democratic, ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents.

If this movement receives new impetus in 1935, America may emerge from the depression a more musical nation as well as a land of happier painters and sculptors and more beautiful and more crowded museums of art.

Henry Goddard Leach

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SOUTH OF SCOTTSBORO

BY BEN COTHRAN

SHOULD ANYONE have the idea that the recent action of the United States Supreme Court in ordering new trials for the Scottsboro Negroes, because it was found that black men are excluded from jury service in Alabama, is going to result in Negroes sitting on juries with white people in the South, I am afraid that person is going to be disappointed.

Given another year, the Scottsboro boys probably will be back in Washington with another conviction, hopeful that the court can again try to correct the injustice that has been done them.

It is unfortunate that these Negroes seem doomed, ultimately, to die in the electric chair on the word of a white woman who wrongly accuses them of raping her and that for that reason the entire South should be thought of as peopled by uncouth individuals who shoot a Negro every morning before breakfast just to start the day right.

This is not the case, but it is true that the Negro is not justly treated by a considerable portion of his Southern white peers. So perhaps it is just as well that Mrs. Victoria Price sticks to her story that she and Ruby Bates, fellow mill worker and citizen of Huntsville, Alabama, were raped by approximately twelve Negroes aboard a Southern Railway freight train as it rumbled through Jackson county, in Northern Alabama, on March 25, 1931.

The Negroes are innocent, but no Southern jury is likely to say so, and it is doubtful if the court in Washington is ever going to be able to do more than find technicalities on which to order new trials, eventually arriving at the point where it can do nothing but uphold the convictions, because the cases have been conducted within legal bounds.

So, if the Negroes die, as seems inevitable, or if they live, which seems improbable, it still won't be as important as the thing that has caused it: the maladjustment of the white and black in their everyday relations.

It is time we in the South realize this and pull our heads out of the sand. Something is out of order. Scottsboros are not humane occurrences.

Putting aside this case for the moment, what is wrong? What are the causes and the cures, if any?

If there were only two classes in the South — white and black — perhaps things wouldn't be so difficult. But there's the white, the poor white, and the Negro. Economically there is little difference between the poor white and the Negro. Socially they are on the opposite sides of white supremacy. It is in maintenance of this superiority that trouble arises.

In the beginning the South was a quiet land. The planter class owned the slaves, controlled the wealth — cotton — made the laws, and enjoyed life. It was sprung largely from the cavaliers who had come first to Virginia and the Carolinas. Many whites owned no slaves; they lived meagerly off the poorer land or were small tradesmen and had little contact with the Negro. They knew only — and this vaguely — that the Negro was doing labor that perhaps should be theirs; that he was sheltered, fed, and moderately happy while their lot was grim with the unending, monotonous routine of poverty.

But they lived apart, these two classes. The planters came to treat their Negroes as children, directing them in crises and planning ahead for them. Occasionally an overseer or owner was cruel to his charges. There were others who didn't believe in slavery but found it economically advantageous. This was the situation until the abolitionists began arousing the country. Most involved in the argument was the question of states' rights; the Southern planter, with his individual mode of life, was

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more than emphatic about governing himself as he saw fit. He was willing to fight about it and did; and so came to this nation its greatest tragedy — the War between the States.

Revolution

The South went into that war confident it would be backed by European money and would win in six months. The war lasted four years; the South was drained of money and its best blood. Negroes were set free; a civilization that had been more than a century building up was upset in a few years. There was chaos.

Federal troops and carpetbaggers whooped down to put the South back on its feet. They used the Negroes for en-masse voting, put them in legislative halls and high offices. No one could possibly make a sensible argument that this was right. The average white, properly trained, is a superior person to the Negro with equal training and should rule. My quarrel is with the method. But the Negroes were never really in charge of affairs. They were merely exploited by smart Northerners.

Out of this condition was born the Solid South. Every white man, high or low, forgot class distinction and ancient rivalry and rallied to a common cause — to regain the rule of the homeland. It took the Ku Klux Klan, it took privation, it took bloodshed, it took persecution, it took a horrible paucity of living. It took everything the South had, but when it was over the Southerner ruled what was left of his land.

It was not the old South. The country's wealth — cotton lands — had been redistributed, and now some of the more advancing of the lower white classes, some Northerners, and some of the old planter families owned it. It had to be worked, and there were no slaves. Who would work it?

Most of the freed Negroes remained in the country, and they would grow the cotton. Most of the lower whites had to eat, and they would help. So was created share cropping, or tenant farming. Actually it was — and is — economic enslavement of men technically free.

This system proved more vicious than recognized slavery had ever been. In the first place it was not administered with the same widespread humanity, because the same class of people was not entirely at the helm. In the spring the planter would stake the share cropper to mules, implements, food, shelter while he raised cotton. In the fall the cotton was harvested, and the planter sold it. No matter what the price might be, the share cropper found himself owing money to the planter when living expenses for the year had been deducted or, at best, in possession of a few dollars. There was no education for these people; they had to accept the planter's figures as correct. Food and supplies were available only at the plantation commissary, and prices were arbitrary. So, in a good year, these people got a little to eat, a cabin to sleep in, and, in the fall, a few dollars. Here white and black were equal. There was no superiority.

The population remained rural. Carpetbag rule had gutted state treasuries; greedy politicians had created innumerable county governments to be supported on meager funds which precluded adequate public education.

These were the labor pains attendant on the birth of a new country.

Product of Revolution

Of all the things that grew out of this birth, the fastest-growing was the poor white growing poorer.

This person is sorry to look at. Through generations the never-ending struggle for mere existence has sapped him physically, mentally, morally, so that there has been always retrogression and never progression. He has helped build the wealth but never shared in it. He has married his own blood and weakened his breed. He hasn't been given much of a chance for happiness.

Yet of such stuff is the bulk of white population in the South. These people are share croppers, or they own a few pitifully poor, barren acres or they sweat and toil in thousands of cotton mills or they make a God-knows-how sort of living in the too many tiny communities scattered the length and breadth of the South. They are used just as the Negro is but still they are told they are superior to him and must assert this superiority, when the only way they know how to do it is to knock the black man down.

A person who is constantly battling the elemental forces of life cannot be blamed if his outlook becomes bitterly narrowed and il-

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logically prejudiced. If his standard of living affords nothing better than a dismal sort of existence that keeps him half-starved and susceptible to many ailments that curtail his mental and physical growth and that of his children and their children after them, he cannot be blamed if he is bigoted in his few beliefs, if resentment at things he doesn't understand has cankered so long within him that he acts savagely and violently when an opportunity for expressing this resentment presents itself. Blame, rather, those who have allowed this condition to come about.

There you have the Southern poor white, tragic product of a civilization that grew haphazardly in the years after the war.

Numerically this class is the majority and important in politics. Smart politicians have seen the expediency of the bugle call of white supremacy that was sounded in the din of the reconstruction, and now it has been pounded and pounded into the heads of all, until belief has become traditional that a white skin is the only requisite of superiority. This is not so.

In slave days the Negro got whatever worldly goods he possessed from his master, in the form of food and clothing, and actual money was something he seldom saw. The poor white probably had a dollar or two in his pocket. He could finger that, tell himself he wasn't a slave — although he had to work harder for the privilege — perhaps get some sort of happiness out of it and maybe a feeling of superiority.

Then the Negro was freed from legal slavery and soared into the economic thralldom of his superior white brother. Now, for his labor, he received real money with which to buy the food and shelter that had been given him in former days. The average black is not overendowed with initiative and brains, but he is a pretty good hand with a plow or hoe, competent at blacksmithing, cooking, firing a locomotive, and countless occupations that call for a strong back and not much intelligence.

So it came to pass that many Negroes made as much (or more) money and had as good (or better) living as many white people. Still, at election time the stump speakers told these whites how superior and fortunate they were. Weren't they citizens? Didn't they have the God-given right to vote? They harped on that while the white man looked around and saw the Negro standing on the same economic level with him.

The white man's mind fumbles with this problem because not only has there been no education for him in evaluating social responsibilities but his symbol of superiority is one that is world wide — the dollar sign. And he doesn't possess it any more than the Negro. In the old days, the slave seldom came to town and had little to spend when he did. Now it's different. The black boy can buy as much with his money as the white. He can crowd into the cheap stores and buy the same sort of finery, and be gouged just as much for it. Bootleggers will sell either of them the same sort of rotten whisky. If either becomes too violently drunk, he is likely to be clapped into jail and rushed, regardless of his color, to the chain gang.

The white man hears about his superiority and adds all this up, and it doesn't make sense. It explains nothing. It only reintensifies his dislike of the Negro. If you ask him why he doesn't like the black man, he can't say.

"I ain't got no use for them black sons of bitches," he will reply.

Race and Sex

The average Negro senses this dislike and is smart enough to keep as much to himself as possible. Some, however, will attempt to dispute superiority with the very sort of white man they shouldn't. When they do, they are likely to get what is inelegantly termed a sock in the mush and, if they happen to strike back, a thorough beating or worse. In their childishness, which can be irritating at times, they may deserve it but not as often as they get it.

The inevitable friction between races living in economic and physical juxtaposition, however, usually arises from matters involving

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sex. Commingling of the sexes of any race or class is the supreme mark of equality, and for generations the Negro has seen his women accessible to white men, knowing full well that he couldn't reverse the situation unless he wanted to die. When the war brought him out of slavery and some of his race into town, the Negro lived in districts that joined the rest of the community usually at the point where dwelled the poorest whites, poorest equipped for the difficult job of living, mentally and spiritually apart from the Negro, and physically next to him.

Here too he saw houses of ill fame where the occupant Negresses were available only to white customers. Such places get fairly good patronage, partly because of cut rates, partly because many a man who is white has cast a desiring eye on a comely figure that was black and possessed it.

Here too the Negro was in a better position — still dangerous, however — to fulfill any white desires he might have. Occasionally there is a white woman who will sell herself to a Negro, more rarely one who desires a Negro. And, with numbers of whites and blacks living in proximity, there were frequent crimes of sexual violence where no offender was ever punished.

Such attacks are not as frequent as many people think. The percentage on both sides (there is a record in Montgomery County, Alabama, of a white man sentenced to the penitentiary for raping a Negro girl) is small. The charge of rape, however, nearly always comes from a white woman, and it isn't uncommon for the charge to be a false one. There is no explanation of this, without exploring obscure psychological factors. It just sometimes happens.

Rape is a serious thing and punishable in Southern states by death. Miscegenation is itself a felony but seldom prosecuted. Rape, however, brings vigorous action. No white man, high or low, likes to think of any white woman being violated by a black, any more than a Northerner wants his women attacked by a Japanese, Chinese, or anyone else. No matter how fair and just a white man wants to be with the Negro, he wants intensely to mete stern punishment to one who oversteps this boundary; he wants all Negroes impressed

with the fact that all white women are inviolate.

So it is necessary for only the mere rumor that a woman has been raped to be passed around, and the people who "ain't got no use for them black sons of bitches" snatch up their shotguns and come running. Their dislike of the Negro that has simmered through all the generations, their violent method of asserting superiority over him, their instinctive rage at the thought of the violation of a white woman all boil into a hatred that demands blood. They are not always particular about whose blood, and so, usually, unless enough of the law arrives first, a black man dies.

Case History

The Scottsboro case is typical of what does happen.

Shortly after a freight train pulled away from the water tank at Stevenson, Alabama, on the afternoon of March 25, 1931, a group of bloody, bruised white boys limped into town and said they had been thrown from the train by a group of Negroes; that two white women were left aboard. The word leaped through the county, and at Paint Rock the train was stopped, and armed men took off everyone on the cars, including Mrs. Price and Miss Bates. Mrs. Price had fainted but upon reviving said that she and Miss Bates had been raped by twelve Negroes in the space of something like an hour. She was described as being calm and

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not nervous after her experience. The entire group was taken to Scottsboro, the county seat, and locked up. There was much excitement.

Soon a crowd swarmed about the jail, demanding blood. The National Guard was called out and remained until after a jury briefly heard that a Scottsboro doctor had found spermatozoa in the women; heard both ladies assert that the Negroes — who were nine in number — had attacked them. The jurors speedily brought in a guilty verdict.

One of the landmarks in that part of Alabama is Sand Mountain. It has, or did have not long ago, signs on it which read: "Nigger, don't let the sun set on you here."

The International Labor Defense, in its own blatantly irritating way, took the cases to the Alabama Supreme Court and then to Washington. The convictions were reversed on the ground that the Negroes had not been given opportunity to get proper representation.

In April, 1933, the new trial started. A change of venue to Decatur, seat of Morgan County, halfway across the state, was granted. The ILD now had famed Samuel Leibowitz, with a Manhattan record of ninety-two acquittals in ninety-three capital cases. Opposing him was Thomas E. Knight, Jr., brilliant young Attorney General of Alabama. Only Mrs. Price appeared to point the accusing finger. Mr. Knight suspected Leibowitz of connection with Miss Bates' absence but couldn't prove anything.

Leibowitz had much new evidence. He called for a separation, and Heywood Patterson was tried first. To impartial minds, Leibowitz established his man's innocence. It was brought out that the spermatozoa found at Scottsboro was immotile. Gynecologists testified that spermatozoa, after deposit, is motile for twelve hours. The women were examined within two hours after the alleged attack. This tied in with previous testimony that the women went from Huntsville to Chattanooga the night before, to spend the night in a hobo jungle with Jack Tiller and Lester Carter, whose quaintly graphic description of the amorous interlude stopped the show, and proved undoubtedly that any attacks had been made by two white men and not twelve Negroes.

But Mrs. Price was adamant, wilted not at all when Leibowitz produced Miss Bates with a refutation of her testimony at Scottsboro, where she had joined Mrs. Price in the accusation of rape, and the jury speedily brought in a verdict of guilty. Patterson got the chair again.

A short while later, however, Judge Henry Horton exploded the peace of a quiet Sunday morning by setting the verdict aside, largely on the basis of the medical testimony.

In November, 1933, with cast intact, the show started a third time. Leibowitz sought to quash the indictment on the ground that there were no names of Negroes on the list from which was drawn the jury that indicted the defendants. They brought the jury books down from Scottsboro, and one dreary afternoon the names of seven Negroes were turned up. A new jury board, taking office just after the Scottsboro indictments were returned, had left a space on each page of the books between the list of the old jury board and the start of its own. Every time the name of a Negro was found, it was written in one of these spaces. Leibowitz hustled a handwriting expert from New York to prove fraud. Self-educated Judge William Washington Callahan listened to the experting and overruled it.

It was on this basis, that Negroes are systematically excluded from jury service, that Leibowitz appealed to the Supreme Court. The Court on April 1 found evidence of fraud and exclusion and ordered new trials. It is quite likely that names of Negroes will appear on jury lists but it is not likely they will ever sit on juries in the South, and I imagine that an explanation of that is not needed here.

So Patterson has been convicted and given the chair three times, Clarence Norris tried and similarly convicted twice. Neither had anything to say upon passing of sentence except that he wasn't guilty and wanted to get married. Judge Callahan told both of them they couldn't.

That, briefly, is the Scottsboro case. It is quite evident there is no guilt. Still the convictions come with regularity. Why is it?

WANTED: LEADERSHIP

THE SCOTTSBORO juries were typical of the poorer, rural sections — right out of the class most in conflict with the Negro, knowing least about him but hating him hardest.

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What probably struck them as most important? Mrs. Price and her testimony. Leibowitz branded Mrs. Price as a tramp whose word was not to be believed, and I am inclined to agree with him, but to those men on the jury she was white and a lady.

What about them doctors a-settin' up there talking about this sperm business? Well, you know how doctors talk. An' you know all them niggers is lying, and, even if they ain't, do we let 'em git away with this niggers'll be so snotty 'twon't be safe fer a white lady on the streets. I hate them black sons of bitches anyhow; they're allus workin' cheaper'n a white man kin live on an' takin' the bread outten our mouths. Let's burn the bastards.

An' what's this feller Leibowitz mean, one of them damn communists, comin' down here an' insultin' Tom Knight an' sayin' a nigger's got a right to a white woman does he want her? Didn' he tell us not to send no niggers to the chair just on account a white woman tramp said they raped her? Are we aimin' to let a New York kike come down here an' insult our women like that? Burn 'em!

Remember, these jurors would have been in a mob; they have been in an economic battle with the Negro for generations. Their living is wrested from a savage Nature, so they in turn are savage to competitors in living. Their minds are flabby from disuse and lack of proper mental food; they have never been taught to grasp or understand anything outside their immediate daily routine; so why expect them to understand involved medical testimony? Eliminate that, and you have only the word of the Negro against the white.

Why, then, must the Negro make his appeal for justice to this type? Where are the whites of better class?

They are spread thinly over the land. The old aristocracy from which they are descended was never large numerically. Some of them are on plantations where they have Negroes of their own to worry about. The rest are in the towns. Some are wealthy, some are not. Most all of them are charming, have beautiful manners, drawl slightly or much, are intelligent and fairly or excellently educated. But instinctive in them — here the Negroes have helped — is the feeling that Negroes are property. If a Negro whose grandfather belonged to your grandfather gets in a jam, he comes to you, tells you about it, and ceases to worry. It is up to you to get him out. You may curse and rave, but he knows that if you can do anything, from giving him a nickel to going his bail for a Saturday-night cutting scrape, you will do it. If it is some other person's darky, the onus is on that person. It was that way generations ago and is so today.

From top to bottom of the social structure the relation of white to black is individual. Some people have been taught the black man's position and give him a break. Others haven't and don't.

These better classes don't control affairs. Some of the poor whites have risen in the world, but they haven't been able to bring their minds up with them. They are heavyweights at the ballot box and go long distances in government, as we occasionally note in the United States Senate. Minor officialdom is shot through with them. And the hate of the Negro that has been fused in their blood for generations still glows white-hot.

So the white man is white and superior to the black man because he is black. My quarrel is not with superiority but with the method of asserting it at the expense of justice and also with the fact that a greater part of the white population has been allowed to retrogress until it is on the same economic level with the Negro and the same level, in a majority of instances, mentally and morally.

Improving the white's economic situation won't help. Those who have risen to material affluence have not changed their generations-old attitude. On the other hand, those descendants of the old aristocracy whose financial condition borders on poverty, whose economic level is near that of the Negro maintain a just superiority the black seldom questions.

Understand that by "superiority" I do not mean the best for the white because he is white. I mean that pre-eminence he was first given through a better mind and ability to use it. The problem here is that two races must inhabit one land and that one of them must rule it.

The job is the white man's. It's his responsibility, for he brought the Negro here. It is a job the white man can do when trained; when he is taught that living a life is something more

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than filling the belly thrice daily and sleeping fairly well at night, that when he lives in the South he walks one path, the black man another, that the paths will cross often and when they do it is his job to see that the Negro continues peacefully and unhurt along the path intended for him and where he will be happiest while the white man goes his own. This will require tact and patience and understanding, but the exercising of these three will never be considered a weakness.

Education is the answer; education in the art of living for completion of a full life. There are people in the South who have learned this, and they are the ones who should be in the forefront. Perhaps they won't or can't transmit their learning. If they don't, no one else ever will, because it isn't a job for an outsider who knows neither the people nor the land. But, if it is never done, then blood will flash red in the sunlight to satisfy the mob, and there will be more Scottsboros where none will remember that a human life is a human life, white or black. I don't wish to place the Negro on a pedestal nor run the poor white from the land but merely to teach each to live fully and to himself. The conditions which need correction took generations to mature, and perhaps undoing them will take an equal number. Certainly it will take patience and effort by the white to purge himself of his sins. I don't mean to paint the Negro white and I don't say he hasn't his own sins, but at least he has never lynched anybody.

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A FLYER'S HUSBAND

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

AFTER ALL, I'm related to aviation only by marriage. And at that there's apt to be grief mixed with the fun that comes from my in-law activity.

Take my wife's most recent flight, across the Pacific. It stirred up an unconscionable lot of trouble for me, for in reporting it the papers contrived to get matrimony and aviation and parenthood all mixed up. Embarrassing? Certainly.

When my better half — by name Amelia Earhart — shot her plane off the muddy field in Honolulu and headed for California, someone asked me how I felt.

"I'd rather have a baby," was my reply.

By which was meant that, from my prejudiced (and necessarily inexperienced) masculine viewpoint, I cherished the notion that giving birth to an infant would be easier (for me) than waving a wife off on a transoceanic hop.

But the newshawks went obstetrical on me. That exclamation of mine was translated by the press into a pathetic prayer of thwarted parenthood. In a thousand newspapers I could read (if I wanted to — which I did not) that I'd rather my wife would produce a baby than indulge in record flying. Worse, a lot of 'em actually have gone to editorializing about it, so that I bid fair to become a minor martyr in the cause of frustrated husbands versus wandering wives whose place is in the home, if they only knew it.

There was a time when I thought such matters were the business of nobody except the people directly affected. But perhaps there's a new deal in things like that, too. Anyway. . . .

I'm often asked how it feels to be the husband of a flying wife.

Actually, I doubt if a husband's reactions vary much, whether his wife happens to indulge in the quaint pastime of flying oceans or is addicted to championship golf, grand opera, big-league authorship, or the flying trapeze. But I'm willing to offer my worm's-eye view of a situation about which my wife and I seldom think until someone pulls the How-does-it-feel? line or a nitwit who doesn't care whether or not he lives tries a "Mister Earhart" on me.

A. E.'s take-off from Honolulu for her Pacific flight was from a rain-soaked field, with no helpful wind and a plane heavy with five hundred twenty gallons of gasoline. That moment was perhaps the most dangerous of the entire flight, and everyone knew it. In the tense seconds while the ship wallowed along, gaining speed ever so slowly, I daresay the coolest person within a mile of it was the hundred-twenty-pound pilot, concentrating all she had, to fight those three tons of weight safely off the ground.

Of course she got off — with two thousand yards of field to spare — to the amazement of a major who feels that women really shouldn't do such unfeminine things and darned near kissed me with delight when she did.

There was Eddie Tissot, the A-plus-number-one airplane mechanic we'd brought along from California. Eddie had labored most of the preceding three nights. A. E. told me her last fleeting memory of the take-off was Eddie's anxious eyes in a face dead white, as he ran along beside the plane while it gathered headway.

And Paul Mantz, our technical adviser, who worked out all the equipment. As she plowed down the field, Paul was yelling at the top of his voice, with profane trimmings, "Get that tail up! *Get that tail up!*"

And I?

Well, I took the pledge. No more overweight, overwater flights for *that* young lady! That's what I said.

Only you know how it is. Came the morning after, with its news of one-hundred-per-cent

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success — Oakland hit right on the nose after twenty-four hundred miles of compass flying — oh well, she's pretty sure or she wouldn't try it. Perhaps after all. . . .

How Did You Feel?

A. E. and I have kept tab, to a degree, of the questions most often asked us. For her, there are two which appear inevitable.

"On the flight, what did you think about?" That's number one, by a very wide margin. Second place goes to "Were you frightened when you took off?"

Her answers to both somewhat overlap. She explains that she was too busy with the job at hand to think about anything — either in the air or before starting.

And the top question put to the Flyer's Husband isn't dissimilar. "And how did *you* feel while your wife was over the ocean?"

I've never known how to answer that question. Usually I hedge by asking the questioner how she (it's always feminine) would feel under like circumstances, if you know what I mean. That usually closes the incident.

For to tell the truth I don't at all know how I "felt." Who can? Probably the less one tests one's pulse and takes one's temperature, metaphorically speaking, the happier one is likely to remain. The hours of waiting are anything but pleasant. But there's nothing to be done about it. And deep down within is the full realization that, with all the risks involved, the person taking them is doing exactly what she wants to do, competently and thoughtfully, with full realization of all possible consequences and a smiling assurance that the game is worth the candle.

Speaking of that start from Honolulu, we'd planned it for two o'clock. But the wind went sour — it has to behave pretty perfectly as to direction and velocity for a heavy take-off — and a deluge of rain set in. So we waited and chewed our fingernails. All but A. E. She peacefully slept a full hour, just as she has done before other major flights. She was able to do that because she was in fine shape physically, with her nerves fully under control — and I knew that unless she did feel fit she'd have the courage to quit, even at the very last minute, realizing as she does that unless a pilot is completely poised, physically, mentally, and spiritually, he'd better stay on the ground.

The result of that last minute sleep at Wheeler Field was a particularly well-rested performer, with vitality stored up for the strain of the long hours that lay before her.

Did I sleep? I did not, neither before the

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start nor after it. We mere males jittered through that night, hanging on the telephone and radio, eating up the words that miraculously filtered back over the Pacific as the traveler talked into the mouthpiece of her radio-telephone set.

This Pacific voyage, by the way, was the first overwater flight conducted with two-way telephone communication. Technically, its pioneering emphasizes the inevitability of such communication in future air exploring. You're utterly helpless to give any assistance, but it's reassuring to hear the faraway voice in the air and a bit comforting for the flyer to hold this tenuous contact with the world during the long hours aloft. At least for the old folks at home, this feature was a pleasant contrast to previous Atlantic flights, with their long, blank silences.

However, there were kickbacks from the broadcastings of that night over the Pacific. Heaven knows the sum total of the hours of sleep lost to listeners.

Just the other day I bumped into Neil Vanderbilt. He was quite bitter. He'd been married the week before the flight and complained morosely because his bride had insisted upon sitting up all night at the radio!

FEMALES

THERE ARE two special social phenomena recurrently cropping up in the peregrinations of Miss Earhart and myself.

We just can't travel without tripping over women pilots. Most law-abiding, stay-at-home citizens probably believe the species is comparatively rare. Well, it isn't. I don't know the exact number, but somehow or other they crop up all over the country. The most innocuous-looking females are apt to turn out to be flyers. And of course, once they give the high sign to A. E., it's all over but the talking. The ground flying those gals can do is amazing. Between ourselves, I don't know which is worse, the patter of the flying field, the bridge table, the golf green, or the paddock.

The other group of imponderable dimensions is alumnae. A. E. accumulated her education in about seven different states and apparently at twice that many schools. So there are thousands of schoolmates of hers all over the place, each on her toes, anxious to swap school-day memories, or what have you? But they're awfully nice to me. They don't seem to mind my intruding a bit. Mostly, they treat me on such a footing of equality that I'm coming to count myself as a sort of alumnus-in-law at large.

In her occasional lectures A. E. is apt to have a bit of fun pointing out what a prodigal husband she has — especially if I'm in the audience. Her text is the fact that when she shoved off on her last European trip — via the upper air of the Atlantic — I equipped her with all of twenty dollars. After asking her listeners if they don't consider that pretty generous, she goes on to tell that she spent most of it on a cable to me, dispatched immediately after she landed in Ireland, which actually reached me three days later.

After the Pacific flight (on which she carried a lonely five-dollar bill) our messages crossed.

Hers, dispatched after eighteen hours of flying, marked by miraculously perfect navigation, said: "SORRY I DID NOT DO BETTER."

"SWELL JOB BUT HOPE IT DOESN'T BECOME A HABIT" read my own.

That's my story, and I'll stick to it.

Professor J. B. Rhine, of Duke University, whose articles on psychic research are familiar to FORUM readers, will begin a new series next month.

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EDUCATION AND OUR SOCIETY

A Debate

BY JOHN DEWEY AND TYLER DENNETT

The Need for Orientation

BY DR. DEWEY

For one whose life has been given in one form or another to education, it is no gratification to say things that may be construed as an attack on our educational system. But we are living in a time when discriminating criticism is a necessary condition both for progress and for cashing in on the many good things that are already in the schools. And it is not teachers that are primarily criticized but the system under which they work. I am glad to believe there were never so many teachers in this country as there are now who are trained for their work and who are eager to improve themselves professionally. But the setup of the system distracts and confuses their minds as well as their work. It is to these things I shall refer.

The system is a system only by courtesy. In fact, it is more like a patchwork, and a patchwork whose pieces do not form a pattern. It is a patchwork of the old and the new; of unreconstructed survivals from the past and of things introduced because of new conditions. This statement applies equally to the things taught, the ways they are taught, the social control of the educational system, and its administration. In consequence, the new studies that have been introduced have split up the curriculum into unrelated parts and created congestion. There are too many studies and too many courses of study, and the result is confusion.

Return to the strict and narrow curriculum of the past is urged by some as a remedy. But there is no use in discussing its desirability, because it is impracticable. The forces of the modern world are here, and they are going to continue to act upon the schools. The demands of an industrialized and technological society cannot be ignored. The old education, even in this country, was a continuation or an imitation of an education designed for a small and select class. The number in high schools and colleges has increased sixfold and more in about a generation. This irruption is something unprecedented in the history of any nation. Its members proceed from those who do not have the background, traditions, or needs of the class to which the old system catered. New studies and courses are brought in as a response to their needs. But they are brought in piecemeal, without a unified aim. And the old studies persist, with little modification, side by side with the new ones. Only those pupils who have a strong natural bent come out with any clear idea either of their own capacities or of the world in which they are to live. The schools are a drift rather than a system.

The methods of discipline and instruction in such schools as are adequately supported have been revolutionized in a generation or so, and mostly for the better — though the rural schools in a large part of the country are still in a condition that should be a public scandal. There is much more recognition of the make-up of individuals and much more adaptation to individual needs than there used to be. But in our large cities, with their inhuman aggregations of students and their overstuffed classes, the change has affected the general spirit of the teaching much more than its actual impact upon students. Methods are still largely mechanical — even more so oftentimes than in many of the old, small rural schools. The worst thing is that, even in the schools where pupils are not treated as intellectual robots, their individual traits are stimulated more

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or less at haphazard, rather than directed.

It is certainly not the fault of teachers that so many of the recent graduates of the school now find themselves at a tragic standstill, without an occupation and without prospect of one. It is not the fault of teachers that so many young men and women still in high schools and colleges find themselves in a state of painful and bewildering insecurity about the future. But it is the fault of the system that so many of these young persons have no intellectual legs of their own to stand upon, no sense of perspective by which to take their bearings, no insight into the causes of the economic and social breakdown, and no way of orienting themselves. It is bad enough to be without a job. The evil is increased when these young people find themselves with no clue to the situation in which they are to live and are at a loss intellectually and morally, as well as vocationally and industrially.

I do not mean that the schools should have prepared the young to understand the problems that baffle mature and experienced persons. But I do mean that education, if it is really education, should send them forth with some unified sense of the kind of world in which they live, the directions in which it is moving, and the part they have to play in it. The schools should have given them some sort of intellectual and moral key to their contemporary world. But the hodgepodge of studies pursued for so-called cultural, vocational, and disciplinary aims (that conflict moreover with one another) and by methods that in part appeal to individual powers and that in part mechanize their minds and activities are poor preparations for facing the scene that now confronts the young. In other countries, the combination of economic insecurity with lack of insight into the forces and movements of society have made the young the readiest and most enthusiastic adherents of Fascism. We shall be fortunate if the same sort of thing does not take place here.

II

What I have said is general in character. But anyone who knows much about our schools can make it concrete, considering how much of the time and energy of pupils is still spent in mere accumulation of information and the acquisition of mechanical forms of skill. Moreover the information that is first memorized and then poorly remembered is selected upon no particular principle; much of it simply on the ground that it was taught in the past. There is little attempt to overhaul the whole structure with a view to selection and organization that would send out students with a sense of the bearing of what they learn upon the present world.

As for methods, the prime need of every person at present is capacity to think; the power to see problems, to relate facts to them, to use and enjoy ideas. If a young man or woman comes from school with this power, all other things may be in time added to him. He will find himself intellectually and morally. But, in the mass of things that have to be "learned," the ability of individuals to think is submerged. In consequence, too large a part of our citizens has left our schools without power of critical discrimination, at the mercy of special propaganda, and drifting from one plan and scheme to another according to the loudest clamor of the moment. Many who have escaped this tendency have found that they had to start their own education afresh. In this connection, I may say that our present system is highly defective in opportunities for directed continuation of education. It is no disparagement of present efforts in "adult education" to say that the *continued* education of those who have left school should long ago have been made a paramount interest of public education.

There is little genuine relation between the existing social control of the school system and its educative work. In fact, the connection that exists is detrimental to the truly educative work of the schools. School boards at present, taking the country as a whole, are representative of a special class or group in the community, not of community interests. They regard themselves after the analogy of private employers of labor and the teaching staff as their hired men and women.

This situation is reflected in the administrative organization of the schools. On the one hand, there is little real co-operation between administrative officers and classroom teachers. The former make out courses of study, prepare syllabuses for instruction, and lay down methods of instruction. The latter take orders, and,

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in the degree in which they do so, their professional initiative is blunted, and their own work rendered routine and mechanical. On the other hand, the administrators are dependent for their jobs upon undue conformity to the desires of the economic class that is dominant in school boards as the agents of social control.

It should now be clear why I am not engaged in wholesale indictment of teachers. The defects of the school are reflections within the school of the disorder and confusion of our society. It mirrors social planlessness and drift. But the mirror is not passive. It serves to perpetuate the social and economic conditions out of which it arises. I do not mean that teachers and administrators are impotent in this situation. There is no present event more significant than the assertion on the part of courageous and intelligent educators of the responsibility of the schools for a definite share in the evolution of a reconstructed social order. This assertion is as necessary for society as for educational advance. But it is met by a campaign of newspaper vilification, notably on the part of the Hearst press. It is met also by repressive legislation. The responsibility of those engaged in these movements for production of still-greater social chaos is enormous. At the time when intelligence in social matters, in their widest meaning, political and economic, is imperative, there are persons striving to reduce even the amount of social intelligence that now exists. "After me, the deluge," as long as my immediate power remains, is as truly their principle of action as it was that of any Bourbon king.

Education Cannot Lead

BY DR. DENNETT

WHILE I AM ready enough to concede some of Professor Dewey's points, with his broad indictment of our educational system I am not in agreement.

First let us clarify the issues by separating the various parts of our educational system, classified by function. There is surely a difference between the primary and the secondary school as to objectives, methods, and the content of the subject matter. There is even a wider difference between the secondary school and the college, while the peculiar purposes of the professional and technical schools set them off by themselves. I know of no criticisms equally applicable to all of these educational agencies, other than that their quality is determined by the quality of the material they have to work with and on.

To put it another way, the educational system of any region is a reflection of the civilization of the area. Taxpayers and parents are in general not very discriminating, but it is very unusual to find a school or college which is permitted to be very superior to the people who support it. The school systems in our great municipalities are usually a trifle better than the city governments of which they are a part. State universities are better than state legislatures only where wise statesmen of other days wrote provisions into charters and laws which placed the control of these great institutions partially beyond the reach of the crossroads demagogues. Here and there capitalism or sectarianism or proletarianism has laid a throttling hand on some school or college, but much more often the handicap or corruption of high purpose flows from just plain ignorance and bigotry. The would-be statesman, campaigning for election or re-election, rants in one breath about the evils of holding companies and high rates and in the next breath charges some poor teacher with disloyalty to the Constitution of the United States because he ventures to make an objective study of rates under government ownership. Often the politician

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knows as little about the one as about the other. He does know, however, that ranting is a good way to get votes, so he just rants. Professor Dewey would like to see an educational system which would replace ranting by thinking. Agreed. What can be done about it?

The grade schools are devoted mainly to acquiring certain skills. The ability to draw an idea or even the simplest notion out of a fixed combination of letters is a skill not less marvelous because it is so common. An even greater achievement is to transfer an idea into a combination of lines on a bit of paper. No one can watch a child acquire these skills as he passes through the grades without seeing also the development of the process of thought. It is possible that we could make more intelligent citizens out of eighth graders if, on the one hand, we could eliminate from the schools all dull, unimaginative, and uncultured teachers and, on the other hand, if we could separate all stupid parents from their children; but there would be losses as well. Even under the most favorable conditions the educational objective of the grades is limited by the simple fact that quality of thought is bound up with maturity of mind. Education can only accompany, it cannot lead, the "growing-up" process.

More can be expected of the high school, although intellectual maturity, without which one cannot reasonably look for good citizenship, cannot be expected at the end of the normal four years of high school. When even a year later a freshman in college makes a right choice in a class election, it is more an accident than the result of good judgment. Neither high-school students nor college freshmen are ready for citizenship, a fact which the law recognizes, and not the best high school in all the world nor the best college can do very much to expedite this growing-up process, which still has some years to run.

As to the state of education in high schools I do not pretend to be well informed, although I have the impression that it is characterized by the confusion which Professor Dewey describes. Probably too many high schools attempt, or are required to undertake, too many kinds of objectives. To prepare a boy for college is one task; to prepare him for a job and for citizenship is very different. I can, however, say for the much-abused high schools that the boys who come into college from them are likely to have a larger proportion of A's and B's and fewer D's and E's than the boys from the preparatory schools. Perhaps they make better scholastic records because they work harder in college and are less often allured into enterprises to make themselves "big shots" on the campus; but, whatever the explanation, the college records of high-school boys are certainly encouraging.

II

One wishes that every boy or girl at the end of high school could be guaranteed resistant to ballyhoo and propaganda. Probably more can be done than is being done to develop a critical sense in high school, although to accomplish this object one would have to override the protests of both parents and outraged taxpayers. But even if this could be achieved the result would fall far short of "thinking," as Professor Dewey uses the term. It seems to be a part of the economy of creation that the process of thinking shall be reserved for the few. Obviously there are not enough thinkers to go around, not even to furnish college faculties. It is a rare college indeed where twenty-five per cent of the instructional staff does not do practically all of the real, genuine, simon-pure thinking for the entire faculty. The peculiarity of education is that it seems to bear no very close relation to thinking. Some people are educated; some people think: the two categories are certainly not identical. At best they merely overlap. It is very doubtful whether any new or any old method of instruction will greatly modify this fact. American history is studded with the names of men who were not educated but who could think; the District of Columbia has been cluttered in the last two years with braintrusters who evidently cannot think.

Of college education I can speak with more assurance. Much can be recorded in criticism. The value of the liberal-arts degree varies, as has the gold certificate. It is worth no more than the institution which stands behind it. Some colleges are better than others. Some colleges, which once served high purposes in days when communications were difficult and sectarianism ran high, are now engaged in a desperate struggle for existence. Other insti-

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tutions have emerged, secure in the assurance of tax support or in the income from rich foundations.

Among the vigorous colleges and universities there is great variety as to method and even as to purpose. This variety is a very hopeful sign. A great deal of experimentation is going on. Two of the most notable educational events of the last fifty years have not yet been adequately recognized. The founding of Johns Hopkins University and the introduction of the seminar into the United States gave to American higher education a new character which has been passed down from the university to the college. Equal in importance was that great experiment at Princeton when Woodrow Wilson first introduced to an astonished educational world his fifty new "preceptor guys." The two new methods of instruction thus set in motion in America have been refined, modified, amplified, and even merged, until they are beginning verily to water the land educationally. These methods stimulate experimentation, and they provoke thinking. They are the salt of the educational world. They supply the most favorable conditions for the growth of the critical sense, which in all ages every vested interest, capitalistic or proletarian, views most with alarm and seeks first to destroy.

The results of modern college education may seem rather disappointing, but it must be remembered that these results are as yet hardly old enough to be appraised. They were not sufficient to keep us out of some vain political entanglements in Europe and elsewhere fifteen or twenty years ago, but it is very doubtful whether the colleges or the college-trained will in the next generation be as easily swept off their feet. Just now the colleges are evidently in for a period of petty persecution, but even that is a wholesome sign that some thinking is being done in their ivied towers. Men in general are not only reluctant to think but distrust the process, and are easily stirred up to persecute the thinker. These are hopeful days. One can almost wish that the depression would last long enough to extinguish the notion that there is any single pattern of thought which, by coercion, may safely be pressed down upon the brow of unthinking men. The most promising bulwarks of American liberty today are the American colleges.

THE FORUM will present next month the third of Ralph M. Pearson's articles on art in America.

On the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer

Nothing but sound is immortal; in the air
the roar of burning earth yet lingers; there
the mammoth's mighty trumpet sounds, and still are straying
unknown to human ears notes that were playing
on the rude shepherds' harps before the cities grew.
Seas that have dried still thunder in the blue,
and there in endless ecstasy still sing
the larks of many and many a vanished spring,
and the wind hums in leaves that long were mold.
Dead voices tell dead love in words not cold.

MARY BORLAND

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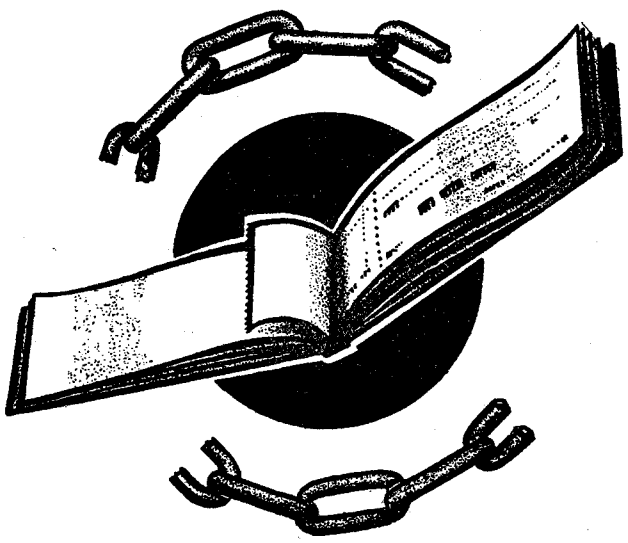
BE YOUR OWN BANKER

On Credit Unions

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER



For some reason the members of the banking fraternity have always chosen to veil their calling in sacrosanct mystery. The wage earner, though he might enter the august portals of the nearest bank to deposit his few dollars in the savings department, did so in awed silence. He, with millions of his fellows, left his money there, but there his connection with the bank ended. If he needed a loan he found that as far as his needs were concerned the banks did not exist. He was, in other words, just one of the bankless masses.

To the wage earner the meaning of credit was unknown. If he thought of it at all it was a nebulous and mysterious service available to big business but altogether beyond his reach.

Of course he borrowed occasionally, when necessity drove him to that extremity. But when he did he dealt with those to whom the bankers had left the field — the usurers, whether licensed or unlicensed. Credit, the deep and ponderous mystery of the financial world, was not for him.

To make matters more difficult for the wage earner, the industrial leaders launched their campaign of installment selling. They preached the gospel of universal credit. By propaganda and advertisement they flooded the consciousness of the worker with the dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week theory. They pushed the worker into debt, led him to sign away his wages months and years in advance. And all without ever building up a system of economic credit for the class they were corrupting.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more stupid and shortsighted policy. Industry needed the consumer's dollar, 100 cents of it, if production was to be kept up. But by the installment plan it drove into a vicious and avaricious system too wide a margin of that dollar. Because of the installment plan, wage earners paid $100 for $50 worth of furniture, with exorbitant finance charges piled on top of that. The worker was inundated with salesmen of radios, automobiles, refrigerators; suave, smooth gentlemen with plausible theories of luxuries that had become necessities and inducements of nothing down and a year to pay.

This was all the worker knew of credit. And the same industry that depended upon his purchasing power deliberately allowed, even fostered, this sabotage. The worker was at the mercy of the installment house when he made his purchases, at the mercy of the usurer when he fell into debt. The utter collapse of the economic system is not therefore something at which to marvel. The wonder is that it did not collapse sooner. It was a vicious system, made possible because the worker was bankless, knew nothing of credit or its functions, and had no one to explain to him that this mystery of credit was no deeper than his pay envelope, no more complicated than the rules of simple arithmetic.

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II

ALL THIS in spite of the fact that a socially minded German nearly a century ago made a startling discovery concerning credit. Viewing the incredible sufferings of the poor in the clutches of the moneylenders, this man suddenly realized that there was no mystery to credit. Credit, he decided, was a commodity, just as sugar or potatoes were commodities. The man who wanted to borrow to cover legitimate needs was a potential purchaser of credit. The evil lay in the fact that a few moneylenders monopolized the business, operating on the age-old need-and-greed rule, that is, that the rate of interest charged on loans was governed only by the borrower's need and the lender's greed. Credit, a simple commodity, was so monopolized and is monopolized to this day because of the prevalent ignorance of the true nature of credit.

Out of that discovery grew the co-operative-credit movement. The wage earner was taught to organize, to form his own bank, to deposit his money there, and to use these deposits to make loans to those of his fellows who needed credit. The idea worked because, in its beautiful simplicity, it couldn't fail.

A Canadian journalist, Alphonse Desjardins, seeing about him in the Province of Quebec the same evils that had moved the German, Raiffeisen, to action, began to study this European innovation. The result was the formation in the parish of Levis of the first truly co-operative bank in North America. It had a few members. Its first collection gave it a capital of $26. Almost a laughable beginning. But in the first seven years of its existence it built up a capital of $80,000, made loans aggregating $350,000 to its members, at an average interest rate of 6½ per cent, drove the loan sharks out of Levis, and launched a movement that today has the loan shark on the defensive throughout America.

Pierre Jay, then Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts, saw, and was convinced. A few voluntary loan associations were already functioning in the state, but there was no state law allowing for the proper establishment of real co-operative-credit organizations. At Jay's insistance such a law was passed, and the credit-union movement entered the United States.

The movement struggled along for several years; then came the real propulsion. Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, became interested in the credit unions. He saw the need for better organization. The result was the formation in 1921 of the Credit Union National Extension Bureau, subsidized by Mr. Filene, with Roy F. Bergengren as Executive Secretary.

Therefore the year 1921 really marks the entry into the financial field of the worker as a banker. For over three quarters of a million workers the veil of mystery that so long shrouded credit has been stripped away. Thousands of overalled men have ceased to gaze with reverent awe at bankers' imposing façades. Indeed, a lot of these overalled ones have discovered in themselves the ability to run a bank far more successfully and infinitely more creditably than many of the gentlemen in frock coats.

III

THE FORMATION of the credit union is simplicity itself. The basic principle upon which it is built is the fact that within any group of employees, residents of a community, or members of a parish or fraternal organization are all the funds necessary to meet the credit needs of that group. All that is lacking is the method by which these funds may be accumulated and soundly and economically used.

Any group desiring to establish a credit union may now apply to the Credit Union National Association and, without cost, receive a call from an organizer. This man, an expert on co-operative credit, makes clear the shrouded mystery of credit. He shows the group how to set up its own bank, with a democratic and efficient system, how to apply for and receive the charter under which the credit union will operate.

Any number of persons can form a credit union, but experience has taught that the credit union works best in a group of 50 or more individuals. But there are records of unions doing business today with memberships of 30 or less.

The members of the group buy shares in their bank. The shares, of $5 value each, are paid for at the rate of 25 cents per week per

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share. In this way the workers pool their capital. The money so collected can be used only for the purpose of making short-term loans to the members of the group.

A board of directors, a security committee to examine loans, and an auditing committee are elected from the membership. But such officers and directors must be representative of the group. Credit-union laws effectively guard against employer control of the bank. These laws state specifically and unequivocally that no one above the rank of foreman may hold office in the credit union of an industrial group. It is banking for the masses, of the masses, and by the masses. The workers run their own bank and educate themselves in credit and finance while they are doing it.

The credit union grows for two reasons. It immediately seizes the interest of the members because of its workability. It offers the debt-burdened man credit on terms he can afford. To the thrifty it offers on savings an interest rate above anything the banks have to offer, with a security that is beyond question. Most credit unions pay from 5- to 6-per-cent interest, and the funds invested are as safe as the men the depositor works with and knows.

The loan agencies face one item of cost that has always presented itself to anyone entering the small-loan field. When a prospective borrower approaches the loan agency there must be an investigation. For a loan agency this is a costly process. It is an established fact that the cost of investigating the applicant for a $100 loan is out of all proportion to the amount involved.

But the security committee of the credit union has no such expense. The applicant is already on record. If he is the employee of an industrial group, the personnel department furnishes all information necessary. If he is applying to the community credit union, the task is just as easy. The credit union puts the small-loan business on the right basis and cuts out the first and heaviest cost.

Then, too, a new element has been introduced into the loan business by the credit union. The element of character, hitherto ignored by the loan agencies, becomes the real collateral. Talk to any credit-union treasurer in the United States, and he will tell you that, of all collateral, character is the soundest.

The security committee of the credit union doesn't want to know what the applicant owns. It wants to know if he is reliable. He may own nothing, be up to his ears in debt, and yet be reliable — more likely to meet his obligations than another who doesn't owe a cent.

The size of loans is governed of course by the size of the credit union. The Board of Directors — men in overalls, clerks, and truck drivers, acting in the capacity of bankers — decides this question. The directors are advised to start with small loans and raise the maximum as their capital grows. It's their bank. They are not considering stockholders or political expediency. They are considering themselves and their needs.

When the loan has been approved, the borrower gives his note, cosigned by a fellow member, and the loan is made. To save bookkeeping, most credit unions discount loans in advance. The borrower appears each payday and meets the installment due, or he makes an assignment from his pay to go direct to the union.

IV

THE CREDIT union starts on a small scale. It grows as the workers begin to understand its significance. The man who has been pulled out of the clutches of the loan shark looks upon the credit union as something more than a bank. The man who is depositing his money in the bank and knows what it has done for his fellow worker, is even more proud of his bank. The history of every credit union shows the same growth. More and more workers take out shares. Once started, the habit becomes fixed. Which means greater capital, larger loans, a wider field. The successful credit union today makes loans up to $1,000 to individuals.

Seventeen years ago 20 employees of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company met in Boston and decided to start a credit union. Each man invested $1, and the idea was put across. Last year the 8 credit unions within the Company made loans totaling $1,500,000 and had assets totaling $2,000,000. They have closed the organization as a field for the operations of the loan sharks. They have cut installment buying to a minimum, by educating the worker in the economic value of cash buying. But they have been able

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to do this because they offered him the credit facilities by which he could take advantage of cash prices.

These credit unions have grown to cover the whole economic life of the telephone company's employees. Fathers borrow money year by year to pay the tuition of children in college. The householder orders his coal in the summer, when prices are down, and gets a discount for cash. The credit union advances him the money, and has taught him to take advantage of just such allowances. The fear of sickness or other emergency no longer hangs over these workers. They have their own bank. Credit is to them an open book, a book that reads as easily as the first-grade primer.

There are those who, while admitting that the industrial credit union is successful, declare that the system will not work in the community, where the same strict control is not possible. Again the individual credit union furnishes the unanswerable proof.

Boston's North End is a typical slum district. In crooked and squalid streets of crowded tenements live Italian laborers, fishermen, pushcart men. This is a district that feels the first impact of a depression and is the last to recover. Repeated bank failures have added to the natural distrust these people feel for financiers.

In this forbidding territory a credit union was started. It began its career amid the wreckage of as severe a financial collapse as any community has ever suffered. Three banks had failed, following the collapse of the grandiose scheme of Charles Ponzi, the postwar financial "wizard." Ponzi had ruined thousands of his countrymen. He left despair, distrust, and bitterness behind him. And in such an atmosphere this credit union was founded.

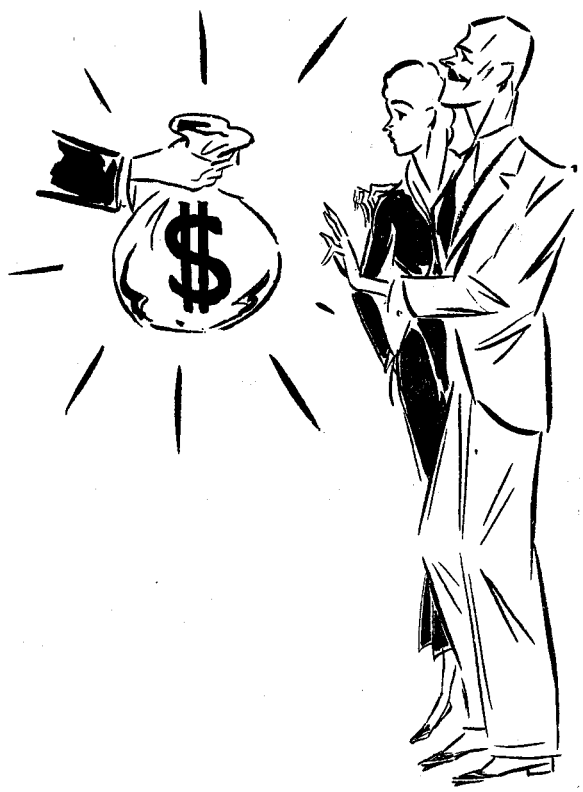
It began in 1921 with a capital of $14. There have been few fat years in Boston's North End since 1921. Yet today the capital of that credit union is $68,000. It has made loans in excess of $1,000,000 and has written off in that time only $7,500, or less than one per cent. Here is a mark for the bankers to shoot at.

Yet Joseph Campana, the Treasurer of this union, makes loans that would turn a banker's hair gray. He lends money to the workman to pay the doctor's bill. He lends money to the pushcart man to buy stock in trade. He rescues the young couple from the clutches of the sort of installment house that does business with these people. He does all these things on the pitiful savings of these people and pays these same depositors a better interest rate than they could get at the big banks uptown.

Then there is the Southern town whose banking history reads like a chapter out of *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*. Two banks failed in succession. The third bank arrived with an enterprising stranger who came in on the way freight with a plate-glass window, served the community faithfully and well until he had accumulated a few thousand dollars, and then very unobtrusively disappeared, kindly leaving the community the window and some bitter memories.

Again the credit union came to the rescue. One was organized in this community. Today those people would not trade their credit union for the best bank in captivity.

Postal employees, teachers, civic employees, who depend upon a set salary and dare not allow their financial difficulties to be generally known, have always been shining targets for the loan sharks. In 1923 the first postal credit union was formed in Brockton, Massachusetts. It began with 8 members and the stunning capital of $12.50. Today the capital of that



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credit union is $36,000, and it is but one of 338 credit unions in the postal service. At least there were 338 yesterday. There will be more by the time this gets into print. That's how fast the movement is growing.

In Pittsburgh a few years ago an investigation showed an appalling amount of loan-shark activity among schoolteachers. But the Pittsburgh schoolteachers now have a credit union. The loan shark is a dim and distant memory. Again the credit union worked, as it has worked for the schoolteachers of Detroit, New York, and a dozen other cities.

V

THE CREDIT-UNION idea is sweeping through industry. In some of the big corporations there are chains of them. Swift and Company has 134 credit unions in packing plants, refineries, and branches. The oldest credit union in this company was formed in 1931. Most of the unions are less than two years old. In that brief time these workers' banks have accumulated $600,000 in savings and made loans of $1,670,000. The Armour Company credit-union movement is even larger and older. Since its inception it has loaned a total of $3,300,000.

These men have made their own New Deal. They did not wait for the help of politicians. One week they got credit where they could find it — or went without. The next week a group of them set up a credit union. The following week it was operating, and they had their own bank. It is as simple as that. They had their own money all the time. The credit union taught them how to use it. This business of short-term credit is so simple that men who are now credit-union members rub their eyes and wonder how they were mystified by it for so long.

Having started their own New Deal, credit-union leaders were also ready to take advantage of the New Deal Administration. For years they had fought their bitter battle, state by state, for the enactment of credit-union legislation. Every step of the way was contested by the lobbies of the powerful loan agencies. There were some 10 states where workers could not set up their own banks because state laws did not recognize them. Elsewhere, some bank commissioners with leanings toward the loan agencies have nullified the existing legislation permitting co-operative banks.

But in 1934 these credit-union leaders went into action. Headed by Roy F. Bergengren, they went to Washington and started work. Two hours before Congress convened at the end of that hectic and crowded session last summer, the credit-union men emerged with Senate Bill 1639, which, when the legislation of the New Deal has been weighed and evaluated, will stand as one of the most important and far-reaching acts of that Congress.

Senate Bill 1639 had for long been the dream of the credit-union organizations. That single act routed all the paid lobbies of the loan agencies in the various state capitols. For now credit unions can be established anywhere in the United States or its possessions, under federal charter.

The bill did more than merely put credit unions on a federal status. It placed organization work under the wing of the Farm Credit Administration. It transferred from the overworked Credit Union National Extension Bureau a part of this growing burden of organization.

But the real advance was made, following that legislation, when at Estes Park there gathered last August credit-union delegates representing the national movement. They drew up then and there the constitution and bylaws for the Credit Union National Association. They went home from Colorado and pushed through the work of ratification. Mr. Filene became President of the Association, no longer patron of a struggling movement but elected head of a democratic banking institution. Thus was taken a most decisive step in the job of bringing credit to the bankless masses.

The usurer thrives on the ignorance of the workers on the subject of credit and the disregard of the bankers. The bankers may still turn their backs on this field. But the credit-union movement is rapidly wiping out the ignorance of the wage earner. Not so long ago, 10 or 15 new credit unions a month were the rule. Now, new unions are being formed at the rate of 100 a month. And the movement is still gaining speed. The worker has invaded the credit field. There is no telling how far he will go.

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POETS AND THEIR PROBLEMS

BY MARY M. COLUM

Reflection on the career of Edwin Arlington Robinson will bring up in the minds of many people connected with literature our need of something that would correspond with the ministry of fine arts in a European country, with, in addition, something equivalent to the Civil List Pension in England. This need has haunted the minds of those interested in the arts for many years, but there is something about the life and death of Robinson that gives the need a certain sharp importance.

His was a great poetic talent, but, as with many poetic talents, the work produced by it was not of a kind that could easily be traded for bread. The values of the work of the mind and the spirit cannot be gauged in that way, and it is time that we awoke to that fact. Robinson's poetry was an expression of the civilization of this country; it gave to those who read and understood it an extension of experience; it was, as it were, a pillar in the foundations of this country's culture.

It is, of course, true that American literature is only at its dawning; it may even be true that, beginning with our time, with yesterday or the day before, all that has been done in the past will, in the structure that is to be raised, become invisible — only part of the hidden pediment, not something that will shine before the eyes of future Americans. In this country events march fast; ideas that seemed rich and fruitful yesterday have been looked over by the younger generation, weighed, and cast aside. But the poet of Cavender's House, of Captain Craig, Mr. Flood, Tasker Norcross will remain forever part of the literary history of America.

When anyone in the future wants to know what the descendants of the early American colonists were like, how they felt, their characters, their fears, their profound loneliness — for they were the most lonely people recorded in literature — he will find revelation in the poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. The material that this New England offered was sufficient for only a few writers, but it was strange, and whole philosophies could be based on it — philosophies rather than literatures, in fact. The New Englanders whom Robinson wrote of were not as easily understood as those that Frost wrote of: Robinson's people had not found life much of a gift, and the best of his poetry was what Matthew Arnold would have called a criticism of life. If one were to state its real importance, it would seem exaggerated to the young men and women who think a writer reflects his age and gives back to it just what he gets out of it and who do not realize that the age reflected in any man's poetry is of little consequence in itself to the future.

The funeral of this man whose name will be remembered was not as it should have been — something that represented the country. It represented the mourning of a few devoted friends who knew him. For the most part even those in his own trade went about their business as usual and did not trouble to turn into the church where a clergyman was saying a few conventional words over his remains. In the press, a rubber-tire manufacturer or a newspaper publisher would have had a great deal more notice.

In France his funeral would have been organized officially, with all rites and ceremonies, to let people understand how *la patrie* honored the products of the spirit and all that went into the making of a civilization: eight black horses would have drawn his remains; Academicians in robes would have attended in splendor; there would have been funeral orations; and the literary publications would have been bordered in black. All ceremony, you may say, which his New England spirit would have abhorred. All wrong — he would have loved it.

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For such things, he knew, are not only ceremony but symbols — the symbols of the regard of a nation for the spiritual and intellectual workers who are so largely both the molders and the recorders of its civilization.

In Robinson's early days his efforts to make a living were complex; he could only write poetry; other talents were not his. We hear of him having out-of-the-way jobs in the subway and elsewhere, until at last some friends joined in giving him the small income that made it unnecessary for him to do anything but write. But he was highly sensitive and almost unconsciously he felt it incumbent on him to turn out work in return for what he received; and so it happened that he really wrote too much.

In later days, when his work began to give him his daily bread, again he turned out too much, glad that at last what he wrote represented a livelihood; he felt it obligatory to turn out his yearly narrative poem, he who should have been asked to give us only the essence of his mind, which was pure gold. Such a man, of course, should have received an income from a ministry of fine arts.

There are at the moment various private individuals who make efforts to get money to provide incomes or places in which to work for artists, but for the most part these people know so little about the conditions under which artistic work is produced, and sometimes so little about any art, that their endeavors do more harm than good. All such matters should be looked after by a competent minister or secretary of fine arts, with an advisory committee of artists and critics. It should be observed that the few institutional prizes in this country, such as the Pulitzer prizes and the Guggenheim fellowships, have, in spite of some inevitable mistakes, done magnificent service.

Collections vs. Selections

Another whose death was an irreplaceable loss to American poetry, Elinor Wylie, is the subject of a book * by her sister, Nancy Hoyt. Elinor had no such struggles with material circumstances as Robinson had, but she had personal sufferings of such a kind that one wonders they did not wreck the reason of a woman of her sensitivity. Perhaps it is the highly sensitized who are the really strong, for, as she said of herself in certain of her poems, she had faced "a hundred dooms," and lived "under a sky reversed and evil-starred."

She was one of those writers whose lives explain their work, and her sister's book might have been fuller and franker without hurt to anyone's feelings. On one side she was one of the most adult minds of her time; on the other she was childlike in the extreme, with childlike desires, childlike ambitions, childlike vanities. All that her sister writes of her, even of the most frivolous, will be of value to anyone who ultimately writes her life, and this though there is but little comprehension of those great virtues in the order of intellect and imagination that were so strongly marked in Elinor Wylie.

Those who thought she had but little emotional power were wrong: the careful, lovely words with which she made her poems, like the stuff of the poems themselves, had been wrung in pain from events and circumstances that she had felt with a powerful intensity. The life that went into her work was not patent to the coteries amongst whom she spent many of her hours; she left a few volumes of poetry not large in bulk, but they represented the distillation of her mind, for which reason the lovers of her poetry know every line she ever wrote.

And this brings me to a reflection concerning our contemporary elder poets, which may or may not be of value. Our older contemporaries have a habit of making "collections" and "selections" of their poems. Now, whereas their *col*lected poems should be of any bulk they feel like offering posterity, should not their *se*lected poems be a short and easily carried volume? The patent fact that emerges from both the reviews and the poems of the younger writers is that they are not aware of the real achievements of their elders and are inclined to think that poetry began with some writer of the day before yesterday who succeeded in fitting the words "dynamo" and

* Editor's Note: — Elinor Wylie (*Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00*). *Other books referred to by Mrs. Colum are:* Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson (*Macmillan, pub. 1934*); The Poetry of C. Day Lewis (*Random House, $2.50*); Six Sides to a Man, *by Merrill Moore* (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.00*); Gerard Manley Hopkins' Letters to Robert Bridges (*Oxford, $10.00*); Panic, *by Archibald MacLeish* (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.00*); Selected Poems of Marianne Moore (*Macmillan, $2.50*); Chosen Poems, *by Harriet Monroe* (*Macmillan, $3.00*); The Golden Fleece, *by William Rose Benét* (*Dodd, Mead, $2.50*); Strange Holiness, *by Robert P. Tristram Coffin* (*Macmillan, $1.75*).

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"tractor," triumphantly, into a verse line.

The most recent of that batch of English poets to be violently enthused over, C. Day Lewis, is (assuming that the quotations from his work in the laudatory reviews are representative), derivative from W. B. Yeats in that he has not only the rhythms, the matter, the vocabulary but even the most esoteric of the Yeats mannerisms. If he has at all struck out on his own, that part of his poetry has been overlooked by the reviewers, or has not met with their approval: to a man, they have quoted his derivative poems.

This lack of familiarity with the work of their elders would be less excusable if handy volumes of their Selected Poems were available. The ideal such volume seems to me to be that of Thomas Hardy, which measures six inches by four by one and can go handily into one's pocket. As a matter of fact, the essential poetry of any poet can be brought together in a fairly small volume, not larger than Matthew Arnold's selections from Wordsworth. Baudelaire set the fashion of publishing a small poetic output, and a good many poets since have followed it. Anyhow, the day for the Household Book of any poet's collected work has gone by. This is an appeal to our elder singers to make their "selected" work for the many, if their "collected" for the few. The crass ignorance of contemporary poetic literature, except such as is a year or two old, that we find among the young and the not-so-young reviewers (who are sometimes even poets themselves) is degrading to the taste of the public.

Gifts and Talents

Then there is a school of writers who plume themselves upon knowing nothing at all about literature and yet imagine that what they produce is literature. What would one say of a composer who started out by informing us that he knew nothing at all about the elements of music?

Among the most exasperating of this type is the one who assures us that he does not compose — he improvises. To this improvising type belongs Merrill Moore, whose volume, *Six Sides to a Man*, has an epilogue by Louis Untermeyer. It is hard to decide whether this epilogue is serious or jocose. For why should it be held up as an achievement that a man in his thirties has written twenty-five thousand sonnets and finds himself incapable of revising any of them? There are not more than half a dozen pieces in *Six Sides to a Man* worth publishing in book form; nine tenths are just improvisation, without depth or density, showing that the author was unable to bring his mind to a focus.

These remarks are true also of several volumes by women poets that are before me. There is a too-common illusion that a poetic gift is a gift for making poetry, whereas in most cases it is a gift for appreciating and understanding it. A man or woman with a slight poetic gift can be a highly interesting and attractive personality, but if he twists this gift into the production of volumes of indifferent verse he weakens his personality, and nobody really wants what he has written. Most talents are useful only to develop oneself; it is only the rarely strong talent that can be publicly put forth to develop other personalities.

The case of Gerard Manley Hopkins gives us much to ponder over in this respect. Here was one of the most original poets of the great age of Victorian poetry; he was in addition a painter and a musical composer; his attainment in Greek was so outstanding that Jowett said of him that he was the best pupil he ever had. All his various accomplishments made it possible for him to be a great innovator in metrics and in the structure of poetry. Yet, in spite of all this, he was prepared to let his work remain obscure or forgotten, to give up, as was the rule of the religious order to which he belonged, all personal fame and to serve man hiddenly because he had taken vows to serve God.

But this man, belonging to a society (the Jesuits) whose ideal was the renunciation of all personal expression, was one of the first-class poets of his day — one of the most inventive and the most erudite and with a high critical endowment; in the present writer's estimation he was a finer critic than Matthew Arnold. The two volumes of letters which have just been published, written by him to Canon Dixon and to Robert Bridges, are full of examples of the ripest criticism ever found in English — scholarly, accomplished, and creative. If the reader wants to check this estimate I suggest that he look, to take one ex-

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ample, at what Hopkins has to say about Wordsworth, in a letter never intended for publication, on page 141 of the correspondence with Richard Watson Dixon.

Nothing could better show the modernity of Gerard Manley Hopkins than Archibald MacLeish's play *Panic*. For here is one of the younger American poets dealing with the panic of the year before last, and in searching for a technique to reveal the situation he discovers the same facts that Hopkins disclosed in his letters to Dixon and to Bridges. MacLeish, speaking about the sort of verse that is necessary in making drama of modern American life, says:

> The true solution would seem to be found in a different direction — in the direction of a prosody frankly built upon accents without regard to syllabic intervals . . . what should appear is a regular pattern of five accents with a rhythm falling away from the tension of the stress.

Hopkins, writing to Canon Dixon, says:

> I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm which I now realize on paper; to speak shortly, it consists in scanning by accents or stresses alone, without any account of the number of syllables, so that a foot may be one strong syllable, or it may be many light and one strong.

Archibald MacLeish has to deal with another beside the problem surmounted by Hopkins — the problem of American speech in verse. He says truly:

> The American language is a language of accents. Its most marked characteristic is its accentual strength — a strength which the more even, toneless British tongue rarely achieves.

The power and originality of *Panic* is bound up with this novel verse medium. It is difficult in the space of a short article to give examples of this stressed versification, but here is one representing what might be the chorus. It is spoken by a woman in the street, outside the place where the Industrialists are having their conference:

> Nevertheless it comes,
> Men die; houses
> Fall among the kitchen flowers.
> Families scatter. Children
> Wander the roads building of
> Broken boxes shelter.
> A land of great wealth and the
> Old hungry: the young
> Starving — but not with hunger.
> None have beheld the enemy,
> What arms can defend the
> Evening — the night-hours —
> When fear: faceless: devours us?

This play had a production of only three days — not long enough to give an audience an opportunity to know whether it was or was not satisfying as tragic drama. It is a pity that some of our young communist producers cannot give up their urge to become capitalists sufficiently long to give a chance to a dramatic innovation. Personally, I do not think *Panic* is satisfying as drama: the downfall of a social order is a real theme for tragedy, but in literature such themes have to be related to an idea that is permanent and rational. Now it is in the nature of a panic to be temporary and irrational, and, while I may be wrong, it seems to me that one cannot make tragedy out of the temporary and irrational — though one may make a startling and impressive episode out of them, as Archibald MacLeish has certainly done.

"ADVANCED" VERSE

REVOLUTIONS in society have rather rarely their correspondences in literature, and so it happens that Marianne Moore's radical *Selected Poems* do not seem to have connection with what is revolutionary in contemporary life. Marianne Moore belongs to the more advanced of the literary left wing. Her writing is of such a kind that it is an interesting problem to decide to what category it belongs. A great deal of what she entitles her *Selected Poems*, published with all the prestige of a preface by T. S. Eliot, is not poetry at all but what the present writer in a previous article in this magazine called "reformed prose." Thus:

> THE MONKEYS
>
> winked too much and were afraid of snakes. The zebras, supreme in
> their abnormality; the elephants with their fog-colored skin
> and strictly practical appendages
> were there, the small cats; and the parakeet —
> trivial and humdrum on examination, destroying
> bark and portions of the food it could not eat.

Now, is not this (for all that it has what Mr. Eliot called "light rhymes") prose?

On the other hand the piece entitled "To Statecraft Embalmed" is fine and original poetry. Mr. Eliot describes Miss Moore as the greatest living master of the light rhyme, and

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he gives the following lines as an example of it:

> al
> ways has been — at the antipodes from the ini-
> tial great truths. 'Part of it was crawling, part of it
> was able to crawl, the rest
> was torpid in its lair.' In the short-legged, fit-
> ful advance. . . .

At the risk of appearing a bull in a bric-a-brac shop to Miss Moore and Mr. Eliot, might one ask of what value to poetry is this sort of thing? Of some worth, certainly, to the tone values of speech but rather of speech as conceived of by cloistered and reticent people who do not know the wild life of living language. Gerard Manley Hopkins, improving on Wordsworth, wrote that

> the poetical language of an age should be the current language heightened, to any degree heightened and unlike itself, but not an obsolete one.

Miss Moore's language, if not obsolete in Hopkins' sense, is certainly not current.

There is another volume of *Chosen Poems*, by Harriet Monroe, whose services to poetry have been so great that they need an article for themselves. I would like to ask of her, as of the other older poets, why she should not give us a small volume of her "selected" poems. Many of her poems, such as "Plaint," "A Little Old Maid," "The Night-blooming Cereus," have been imitated by whole families of poets who do not know where the original inspiration came from. Equally, a volume of Miss Monroe's editorials from *Poetry* would be welcome, for they belong to the most accomplished and the most large-minded writing on poetry we have seen in our time. The finest poets in English regarded it as a high honor to be published in her magazine; those of us who are old enough to remember the first numbers of *Poetry* will recall how a world of poets seemed to be suddenly revealed in the surprising expression of Vachel Lindsay, Sandburg, Masters, and Robert Frost. The war, as she says in her preface, was a destructive shock, but it can never be forgotten of her that she kept a harborage for poets all through that destructive time.

William Rose Benét's selection called *The Golden Fleece* is nearly the right size to be comfortably carried around. Here in this short volume is exhibited a poetic gift which could outfit several of our talked-of younger contemporaries. It has in it some of the loveliest of contemporary American poetry: "Daughters," "The Wood-cutter's Wife," and lovely, whimsical pieces like "Middle Age" and "Firefly Serenade." "Daughters" appeared in *The New Republic* at a time when that journal gave space in its poetry columns to both right and center, as well as to the left-wing adherents of the Revolution. Hope and expectation of revolution are no substitutes for density, richness, and accomplishment, in spite of what certain editors and reviewers may imagine.

On the other hand, if there are all of these together in some young poet, as there were in Shelley, the result might be a discovery of some new territory in poetry. There is no doubt, of course, that we are passing through in literature some such stage as what the textbooks call a "transition period" — we have probably been passing through it for the last fifty years. Old modes in literature and new ones go on side by side, and there is a natural preference with some readers for those who write in a new mode, even when the writers are not nearly such good poets as those writing in the older modes. To write as well as Robert Tristram Coffin writes in *Strange Holiness*, our young poets will have to sharpen their nerves and their quills and intensify their senses. A man who can write, for example,

> There is strange holiness around
> Our common days on common ground. . . .
>
> Once I met it face to face
> In a fox pressed by the chase.
>
> He had a fish still wet and bright
> In his slender jaws held tight. . . .
>
> The preciousness of life and breath
> Glowed through him as he outran death. . . .
>
> His eyes went out as in a gust,
> His beauty crumbled into dust.
>
> There was but a ruin there,
> A hunted creature stripped and bare. . . .
>
> But there his fish lay like a key
> To the bright, lost mystery.

does not have to bother greatly as to whether he expresses himself in a "modern" mode: that would be, to use a phrase of Santayana's, "to attach a false importance to chronology."

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SALVATION BY MURDER

A Tale of Two Anarchists

BY HARRY SODERMAN

HAVE YOU ever made the acquaintance of an anarchist? I do not mean that type of long-haired and fiery, yet somewhat cultured, gentleman, generally a poet or would-be reformer, who will occasionally be found in the drawing room of a smart hostess, acting as a dash of hot sauce on the unflavored dish which most society folk constitute. I mean real two-fisted, red-blooded anarchists who throw bombs at presidents and kings as the most natural thing in the world. If you have not, which is most likely, an interesting experience has escaped you. My profession has brought me in contact with a few anarchists. I will readily admit that they puzzle me.

The most interesting ones were Pedro Sarosi and José Ortega. These names probably mean nothing to you. If you mention them, however, to any of the few scores of gentlemen scattered over the world who are heads of the secret service of their countries, you will receive much attention. For these two boys are star figures in the small but dangerous group of men who think that the world will be saved by murder.

As far as I know Pedro and José were born in Saragossa, in Spain, one of the classic countries of anarchism. They learned to be mechanics, were honest and hard-working, and each had an old mother to support. Being ambitious proletarians it would have been natural for them to become socialists or communists, as both these parties have strongholds in Spain. Instead, by a curious twist in their brains, they became anarchists.

When they were about twenty years old, although they still worked regularly, they would spend many evenings in a secret meeting place in a cellar in the old part of the town. About twenty men would gather here, unseen, having stolen through the dark Moorish streets. Fiery dark eyes glowed; the atmosphere was full of hatred against rulers and governments which kept civilization in chains. Far away gleamed the goal of an unfettered humanity, which would feed peacefully on Mother Earth as placidly as a flock of lambs in a green pasture.

Some experienced Continental policemen call anarchism a disease. Anyway, its germs crept deeper and deeper into these boys. Their enthusiasm ran higher and higher; their path as heroes and saviors of mankind lay clear before them; they felt the call and they followed it.

One day there was a religious parade in Saragossa. The procession made its way through thronged streets, white-garbed priests carrying crucifixes, the choir boys singing and carrying candles, and the altar boys swinging their censers. In the middle of the parade came the Archbishop of Saragossa — a kind old gentleman — surrounded by high-ranking clergy. Pious men and women dropped to their knees, and he gave them his benediction.

From a window on the second floor of an old storehouse two pairs of fanatic eyes watched the procession. As the archbishop passed, a hand was flung out, and a small, black object hurtled to the street. The action of the explosion was terrific. Blood and parts of human bodies spattered the street. The Archbishop of Saragossa was no more, and he was followed in death by several of the clergy and bystanders.

Pedro and José made an easy escape. They walked calmly out of the back door and disappeared in the streets. The police, however, were hot on their trail, and they decided on a change of climate. With the aid of their party's funds they went to Chile. Their career in this country is still spoken of with horror by the inhabitants. The anarchist party treasury was depleted, and José and Pedro determined to fill it from Chilean banks. They robbed several, killed a couple of bank cashiers, and van-

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ished with the loot. Believe me or not, it is said they turned over every cent to the anarchist organization in Europe. They were honest! Pursued by the Chilean police they found South America too small and fled back across the Atlantic. Here all traces of them were lost for a time.

One Morning in Paris

In the year 1926 King Alfonso XIII, of Spain, decided to make an official visit to the President of France. Paris greets its visiting sovereigns with full formality, and the President was to receive the King at the Gare de Lyons, and the two rulers would proceed in an open motor car through the jubilant city.

Such an occasion always presents a great problem to the police authorities who have to protect the lives of visitors. It may safely be said that there are no known precautions which in the long run can prevent a clever madman from killing anyone he wishes. Imagine what it means to guard a person traveling in an open car through miles and miles of streets in a city like Paris. In order fully to protect him, one would have to evacuate the houses along the road and forbid the presence of all people on the sidewalks. But what would then be the good of the parade, with no gay, cheering crowds to greet the visitors? A chance is always taken in such a parade, and you may be sure that the chief of police wipes the perspiration from his forehead when the thing is over. I am, by the way, personally inclined to believe that the American way of protecting celebrities is one of the most effective. In this country a detective is placed on each running board of the car, and they must remain there during the entire journey through the city.

On the occasion of King Alfonso's visit, the police of Paris did their best in the way of protection. Several hundred secret-service men had been working for weeks before the visit, rounding up and arresting all known trouble-makers and all Spanish immigrants of doubtful repute. There were to be several detachments of policemen and a battalion of the famous National Guards. The King was to arrive about eleven o'clock in the morning.

At seven o'clock a breathless man dashed into the office of the secret service with the information that Sarosi and Ortega were in Paris. The informer, who knew them by sight, had seen them disappear into a small restaurant frequented by Spanish people, the evening before. Needless to say, one of the greatest man hunts in the history of the Paris police immediately developed. The presence of these two men in the city was a definite threat to the Spanish king's health. The secret service was prepared to cancel all plans for the parade and ship the King directly from the station to his quarters, if Sarosi and Ortega were not found before the royal train arrived.

But the police had luck with them. About ten o'clock the two men were located in a small garage near the station. They were just starting an antediluvian Ford car, with a high, protruding fabric top. The descent of the police was so swift that they had no time to reach for weapons, but nevertheless a wild fight ensued. The Spaniards scrapped like wildcats, biting, screaming, and scratching, but were finally overpowered.

The car proved an interesting vehicle. In the rear, under the dilapidated top, was mounted a modern machine gun of the large type, with a long belt of ammunition readily accessible. With this formidable weapon, friends Pedro and José were apparently about to attack Alfonso and, very likely, the President and his accompanying cortege.

An interesting legal problem then arose. What should, or rather what could, be done with the Spaniards? There were only two known offenses against them. One was illegal entry into the country, and the other was illegal possession of firearms. There was too, a possibility of charging them with resisting arrest. All these are, however, minor offenses which could carry altogether only six months of prison as punishment.

Chile, however, soon got wind of the arrest and immediately asked for extradition of the two men, pending several charges of murder and robbery abroad. Spain, too, tried to get them for the murder of the archbishop.

But there is something called international law which forbids the extradition of persons who have committed purely political crimes. Spain could never get them against the unwritten law of asylum. Chile had perhaps a better chance. It was all a matter of taste — whether one would reckon the bank robberies

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as common crimes or as political offenses.

I think that the Chilean Ambassador, who worked earnestly and sincerely in this case, would have finally succeeded in his efforts to get them back to Chile if it had not been for a society called "The League of Human Rights." The League had come into being in the famous Dreyfus affair and had since then lived a fairly obscure life. Now, however, it became exceedingly active. Through its untiring efforts, the crimes of Sarosi and Ortega in Chile were classified as political crimes, and the extradition was refused. Sarosi and Ortega served for six months in a prison in Paris, and were in due time deported to Switzerland, the haven of political refugees. No further word was heard of them, and after a couple of years they were forgotten.

Bad Pennies

One day in the fall of 1928, when I was the assistant of the famous criminologist Locard, head of the police laboratory in Lyons, a Spanish mechanic employed at a motorcar factory walked into the office of M. Sarbach, head of the detective division, and told Sarbach that two men he thought to be Sarosi and Ortega had recently obtained jobs in the same department in which he worked. What followed always makes me think of the abattoirs in Chicago. There the animals slated for slaughter are led by a trained bell goat into the narrow corridor. At the end of this corridor stands a huge Negro, a mallet in his hand. The bell goat passes unmolested, but the rest of the animals are clubbed down as they walk. There is a somewhat similar procedure in many French factories, especially where precious metals or other materials of value are at the mercy of the workmen. When the work is finished at five o'clock, the employees pass through a narrow passage, one by one, and are scrutinized by two house detectives. If there is anything suspicious about their clothing, the detectives search them immediately.

On this memorable evening when Sarosi and Ortega were caught for the second time in France, there was a heavily armed police guard waiting outside the factory gate, and, instead of the two house detectives, there were four strong men from the detective division at the end of the passage. Our anarchists had no chance to escape, not even to raise a hand. They were seized, heavily manacled, and delivered at police headquarters within a very short time.

The old legal problem arose again. What had they done? Strictly speaking, they had only returned to France in defiance of a deportation order. This is punishable by six months in prison, which they duly received. In the meantime, however, there were many heads among the police of Lyons, as well as in the Sûreté Générale, puzzling over their future fate. It was difficult to deport them again, because no country would have them. No country could be expected to receive two men who immediately would start to knock off the heads of dignitaries. There was some thought of putting them in an asylum for the criminally insane, but it would have been difficult to uphold the theory that they were insane in the proper meaning of the word. They were clever, honest mechanics, who always worked hard to support their old mothers in Spain. When one spoke with them, one inevitably got the impression of two well-behaved, idealistic young men. But there it was — the same moment they were out of control they would murder someone for the sake of their idealism.

In the meantime Chile had gotten busy again, and the chief of the Chilean secret police, a pleasant, middle-aged man by the name of Maturana, came over to France to endeavor to learn from Sarosi and Ortega something about the anarchistic organization in Chile. (Maturana, by the way, due to some political incident in Chile, is now a refugee somewhere else in South America, but in those days he was a mighty powerful man, with all the resources of the Chilean Government behind him.) His arrival in Lyons was followed by one of the most dramatic scenes I have ever witnessed.

Accompanied by the head of the detective division, a couple of detectives, and the writer of this article, Maturana went to the gloomy old prison of St. Paul, where the two anarchists were serving their time. After a brief conversation with the warden, Pedro and José were ushered before us. Maturana started to interrogate them. He got only a haughty smile. He used all his powers of persuasion. He spoke about their old mothers and finally placed five thousand francs in new bills before them on the

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table, assuring them that he would deposit these funds with the warden of the prison, to be delivered when they were released, if only they would talk. He did not want much information, only a few words, a few names, a few addresses, finally only the name of a certain man. The anarchists were staunch. Nothing could move them. They were poor devils, with not a cent in their pockets, but their honor as anarchists was at stake. Finally Maturana shrugged his shoulders and put the money away. There was nothing more to do. We left.

The Kink in the Brain

The final disposition of these two fellows cannot be told in this story. I can assure you only that they are enjoying good health and living comfortably in a remote spot where they can do no harm.

When they were sent away I had the pleasure of spending some time with them in a third-class car, with hard seats which did not invite sleep. Their shackles were removed, and they felt like free men. A most peculiar night, that! An old-fashioned French third-class car, built of wood, with gas light, springing and bouncing over the uneven railroad tracks. The eyes of the two young men glowed with fanaticism and enthusiasm when they spoke in their hard guttural accent about the road which they believed mankind was forced to travel. The two honest, middle-aged French detectives who accompanied them hung on their words as they discussed their quaint doctrines. Their appearance and manner of speech were so clean and innocent that one might have thought them missionaries or clergymen. Yes, it was queer!

Pedro and José were members of the anarchist organization. It must be said, however, that this crowd today is fast dwindling. In the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties, in Italy, Spain, and, above all, Russia, the mad wisdom of the anarchist gospel had a strong hold on many people, and the history of the nineteenth century is full of their bloody deeds. Now only small factions of the party still remain in Italy and Spain.

Anarchism should not be confused with national terrorist organizations, as, for instance, the Macedonian Brethren of Freedom or the Croatian independence party. These groups will use murder as a political tool to obtain a certain definite goal. The theories of the real anarchist, however, are much more far-flung, embrace a whole world, and see the only way to happiness through the destruction of all kinds of governments. To an anarchist a Bolshevik government is just as bad as a monarchy. If he could, he would gladly kill any high official who represented the principles of ordered government. Another story will illustrate this.

When the Czar Nicholas II was visiting Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912, a Russian anarchist came to the town to kill him. His task seemed easy in a small, peaceful country like Sweden, where birds of his feather were quite unknown. But he did not find an occasion to get near the Czar. Among the festivities in honor of the latter was a great reception at the Swedish royal castle, and the anarchist waited faithfully outside for a chance to approach his victim. He stayed until late in the night. More and more windows in the lighted castle darkened, and finally he saw that there was to be no opportunity for him that evening. Just as he was about to leave, a man came out of the gate. He wore a glistening uniform; his breast was filled with decorations. He must have appeared, to the assassin, a high official. The man was, actually, a major general in the army, an old officer near retirement, who had never harmed even a fly in his life. The anarchist fired two shots, and the old gentleman was no more. When caught, the killer confessed that he had to shoot someone, anyway!

A real anarchist should not be confused with those sporadic madmen whose deeds we have witnessed in recent years. The murderer of Mayor Cermak of Chicago, Zangara, who confessed that he had an inner urge to kill the President, was not an anarchist but just criminally insane. So was the slayer of President McKinley or the wretch who killed Empress Elizabeth in Switzerland two generations ago.

The real anarchist is mostly a wide-eyed idealist who has acquired a queer little twist in some corner of his brain. Behind the explosions of bombs and the scattered remains of his victims he sees a new and better world rising. Fortunately for us, this strange specimen of humanity seems to be disappearing.

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JAPANESE PRINTS

BY OKUMURA MASANOBU

Left: a white-line print—
Legend of Kiōyu and Sōfu

Right: two ink prints—
(Above) ***Scene from a Drama***
(Below) ***The Teahouse***

Okumura Masanobu (1691–1768) is one of the most eminent of the Ukiyoé artists. His drawings are greatly admired for their rare combination of force and refinement, and he exercised wide influence over his contemporaries and successors, to the end of the eighteenth century. He was the first artist to use blocks from which prints were colored in flat tints; also the first to make the tall, narrow pillar prints (left). He was the proprietor of a wholesale-and-retail book-and-print shop, at the sign of the "red gourd," in Tori-shio chō, Yedo.

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NEW LIFE IN CHINA

BY MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

China, like almost every other nation during the past few years, has felt the tremendously enervating effects of world depression. Each nation, according to its lights, has sought to find a way out of stagnation into normalcy. Italy has its Fascism, Germany its Nazism, Russia its first and second five-year plans, and America its NRA. The primary aim of each is to solve the economic problems involved and to bring material prosperity to the people. China, like the rest of the nations, is confronted with a similar problem, added to which is the necessity of rescuing the people from the cumulative miseries of poverty, ignorance, and superstition, combined with the after effects of communistic orgies and natural calamities, not to mention the grave consequences of external aggression.

To this end, what is known as the New Life Movement has been launched, to strike at the very roots of the several evils. Conditions obtaining in China are so different from those facing any other country that it would be impossible for the average foreign mind to comprehend the reasons for the New Life Movement, its program, its actual, working results, and its future, without a brief explanation of the background of the psychological and social state in which China finds herself after some three hundred years of oppression and neglect by the rulers of the Manchu Dynasty, followed by the chaos consequent upon the revolution which overthrew that regime.

In foreign countries which have enjoyed the advantages of social, political, and economic organization over a period of years, a system has been erected under which citizens have become accustomed to making their contributions to the promotion of the interests of the state and to the general well-being of the people. In China, particularly under the Manchus, no such opportunities existed. The people were, on the contrary, restrained from interesting themselves in administrative affairs; were compelled to accept without question the ruling of an official class; and were decapitated, banished, or imprisoned in dungeons if any criticism of official action escaped them. In reality the executioner's sword swung menacingly between official power and prerogatives and any expression of public opinion concerning them.

In conditions such as these it did not take the civilian element long to learn the wisdom of discreet silence. And, since in cases of forcible attempts to effect political reforms all the relatives of those deemed guilty were forthwith exterminated, the risks run by would-be reformers were so great that in course of time the whole of the people learned to accept what befell and to confine themselves to their own affairs. Discouraged by every possible means from participating in administrative work or community service, they eventually forgot what the state meant to them. As an old Chinese proverb has it, "The people dared to be angry, but they did not dare to speak." They came to believe that governmental affairs were no concern of theirs.

So it happened that, when the Revolution of 1911 drove out what was accepted as the official class, the people found themselves without any knowledge or experience of what was required of them to build up a new state. They were, in the main, illiterate; liberty was, at the outset, defined by them to mean license; and public service was scorned by them as something they never heard of and did not understand. They were, in a sense, bewildered by the transference of responsibility from the old-time official shoulders to their own and appeared to resent all efforts of the revolutionary leaders to induce them to undertake community service — to clean up the dirt of centuries of official neglect and organize those activities which, in

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foreign countries, seem a natural course of action for the citizens.

Gradually, however, the leaven of the Republic began to work, and relatively great and far-reaching reforms and improvements took place, though these changes were mostly confined to seaboard cities and to a number of the larger cities in the interior. But the country at large went on unchanged, or difficult to change, and because of this fact communist agents soon discovered that here they had a more fertile field in which to work than any other country could afford. They seized their advantage and, before their activities were realized, they had contrived to impose upon the ignorance of the people to such an extent that they were firmly established in several regions. Military efforts against them are being successfully pursued.

Four Ancient Virtues

The idea of the New Life Movement crystallized in the mind of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek during the anticommunist campaign. He realized that military occupation of recovered territory was not enough; that it must be followed up by social and economic reconstruction in the devastated areas; and that, to be effective, a national consciousness and spirit of mutual co-operation must be roused. He saw that the immediate need was the development of the vitality of the spirit of the people, which seemed to have been crushed. He contemplated the perspective of history in the light of existing conditions about him; he realized how much depended upon the people's consciousness of their heritage from the past; and conviction came to him that the four great virtues of old China, *Li*, *I*, *Lien*, and *Chih*, constituted a remedy that could recover the country from stagnation and ruin — because, at the time when those principles were practiced, China was indeed a great nation. He decided there and then to base a New Life Movement upon them, to try to recover what has been lost by forgetfulness of this source of China's greatness. For it has become obvious that mere accumulation of wealth is not sufficient to enable China to resume her position as a great nation. There must be also revival of the spirit, since spiritual values transcend mere material riches.

What significance lies behind these four principles which hold so much good in them for China, if they can be carried out in the spirit intended?

First is *Li*, which in the ordinary and most accepted form of translation means courtesy. And by courtesy is meant that which emanates from the heart — not a formality which merely obeys the law.

The second is *I*, which, roughly translated, means duty or service, toward the individual's fellow men and toward himself.

The third is *Lien*, meaning clear definition of the rights of the individual and of the degree in which those rights may be enforced without infringing upon those of others. In other words, honesty. A clear demarcation between what is public and what is private, what is yours and what is mine.

The fourth is *Chih*, which denotes high-mindedness and honor.

Some people have criticized the New Life Movement on the ground that, since there is not sufficient food for everyone in the land, it is useless to talk about or seek spiritual regeneration. We refute this argument by pointing out the very evident fact that, if everyone from the highest official to the lowest wheelbarrow coolie would conscientiously practice these principles in everyday life, there would be food for all. If we have the right conception of *Li*, we recognize not outward pomp but the sterling native qualities in our fellow men. If we practice *I*, we feel an obligation not to hold wealth and enjoy it wastefully while our fellow countrymen may be on the verge of starvation or suffering from sickness or other misfortune. Again with *Lien:* if officials recognize the rights of the people under them, they do not try to benefit themselves at the expense of the people just because the latter are too powerless and ignorant to fight in their own defense. And, if *Chih* is a reality, no one is shameless or stoops to mean or underhanded deeds.

Being a realist, the Generalissimo recognized that conditions in China are entirely different from what they were centuries ago when China was a great nation. At that time China could well afford to stand aloof, shut herself within the confines of her own boundaries, and keep out all intruders; but today she is a part of a world-wide scheme of things, and, in order to maintain and improve her present position, she

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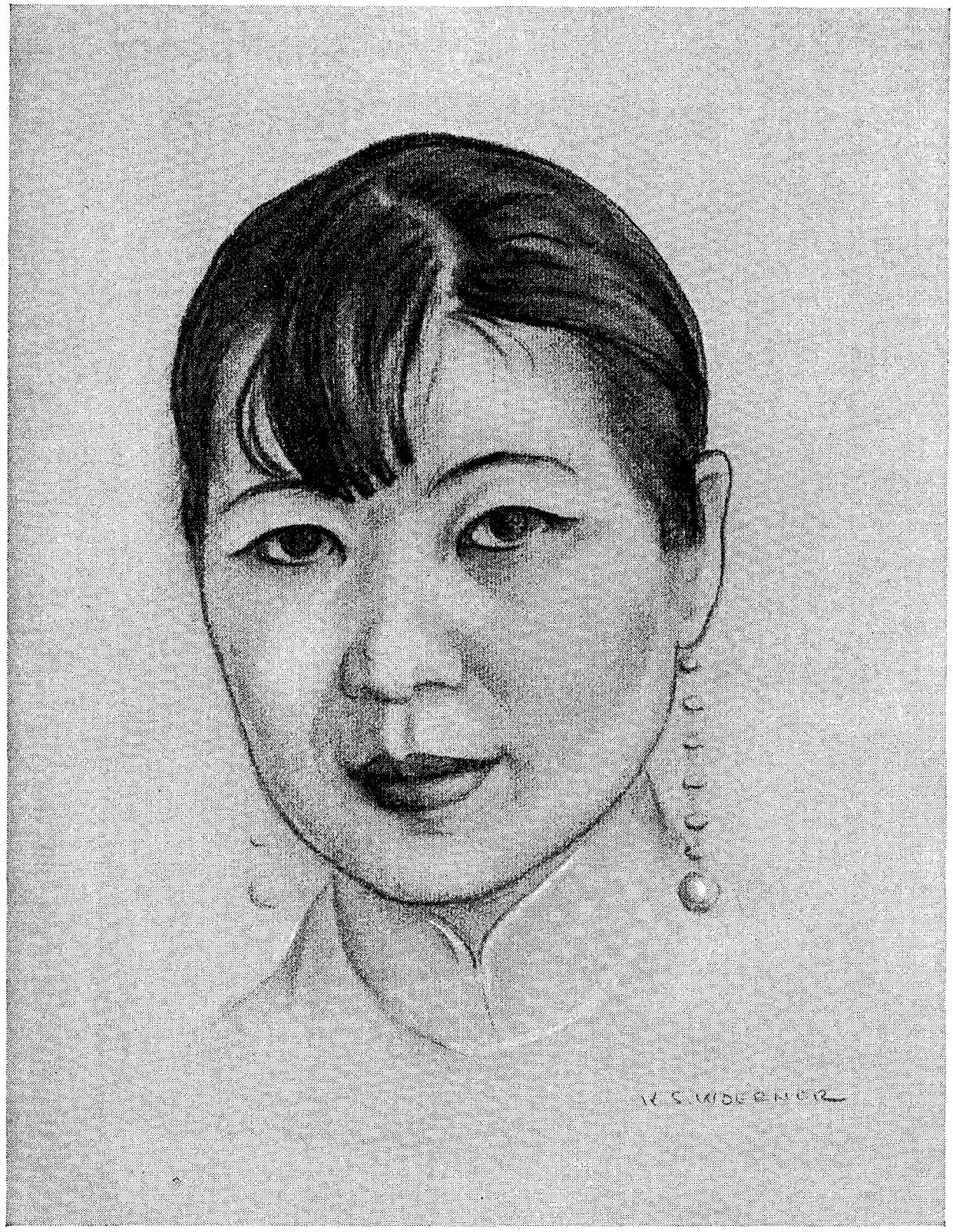

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

Madame Kai-Shek (Mayling Soong Chiang) is the youngest of the three sisters of T. V. Soong, Finance Minister of the Republic of China. Educated in the United States, at Wellesley College, she is the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, whose leadership of the New Life Movement she recounts in her article. Both are Christians and have long been prominent in the movement for a modernized, united Chinese nation.

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must keep in step with the march of time.

So the New Life Movement is based upon the preservation of these four virtues, and it aims to apply them to actual, existing conditions, in order that the moral character of the nation shall attain the highest possible standard. The Generalissimo observed that communism crushed the spirit of the people, in addition to robbing them of material things; that it struck at all the fundamental principles of moral character. He found the people bereft of ideas or ideals concerning either humanity in general or their fellow men in particular. Communism was, indeed, the last abrasive in the destruction of a sense of law and order, unselfishness, loyalty, and those other qualities necessary for the development of human kindness and the maintenance of a high national consciousness. It tortured and degraded the status of man and dispossessed human life of value. In the face of this dismal prospect, the Generalissimo decided that the New Life Movement could sow the first seeds of an effort to awaken in the people an urge for a more-satisfying life.

Ideals into Realities

To this end the New Life Movement was launched in Nanchang, the capital of Kiangsi Province, not long ago (and, it must be said, purely for local application, to begin with). But, once launched, it swept the country like wildfire, the apparent reason being that our countrymen felt urgently the need for a movement that would lift men out of the rut of their usual existence and breathe into them the flame of a new life.

It may be asked how exactly these abstract principles can be applied to the course of everyday life. Any theory appearing sound in itself may collapse in practice, unless backed by common sense and unless it fills an actual need of the time. This fact did not escape the Generalissimo, and he planned that the New Life Movement should start from the simple and proceed to the complex, advance from the practical to the idealistic.

The first step was to have the four principles applied to food, clothing, shelter, and conduct; in other words, to the universal and indispensable facts of life. Looking around him the Generalissimo saw that the fantastic doctrines of communism had destroyed the respect that should be shown to elders, teachers, law and order, producing confusion, disorderliness, and untidiness. Here, then, the New Life Movement inculcates *Li*, which teaches tidiness and cleanliness in dress and in habits. It was felt that, if a man were sloppy and careless about his personal appearance, about his bearing, and about his general conduct, he would also be untidy in thought. Or, to put it in another way, it was recognized that there is ground for thinking some truth exists in the Neoplatonic theory that outward beauty is a manifestation and forerunner of inward and spiritual beauty. To the West this idea may seem fantastic, but to us it appears natural. Which one of us would appear in the ancestral hall in untidy dress? We should consider such a step at once unworthy of us and an insult to our ancestors. If dirt and carelessness are, then, an insult to the dead, are they not equally an outrage to the living? This may be an explanation for the scoffers who claim that the New Life Movement means only the forceful buttoning up of one's coat by some overzealous policeman, the affectation of decorous manners in public places, or other trifling considerations of behavior.

Foreigners sometimes accuse our people of being selfish and hard-hearted, because, for instance, a boatman may not even attempt to rescue some unfortunate who has fallen into a river and is in danger of drowning. What lies behind this seeming callousness is not hardness and indifference to the fate of a fellow being but rather the effect of centuries of superstition. In such a case as this it is universally believed in China that the river god would surely revenge himself by taking the life of the person who had saved another. And *I*, the second of the four virtues, concerns one's duty toward one's fellow men. It teaches that one in distress should not be left to his fate; that those who have plenty should regard it as their duty to succor those who are less fortunate; that it is not enough to sweep one's own doorstep but that the individual should develop a sense of public responsibility; that the greatest loyalty should be to the state instead of to the individual. In other words, there should be what is called in the West public spirit or public consciousness.

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Salvage Work

To translate into deeds the idea of harmonizing economic and spiritual values, a medium had to be created. The personal sacrifices known to have been made by the misguided followers of communism were a distinct challenge to those working in the opposite field. From that challenge sprang co-operation between the Christian workers and the leaders of the New Life Movement in putting the ideas of the Generalissimo into practical use — co-operation which has now, curiously enough, become a distinct challenge to communism because of the methods of procedure adopted.

In Kiangsi the first thing done when areas were reclaimed from the communists by the government forces was to send a group of young officers called the Pieh Tung Tui, meaning Special Movement Organization, to the devastated sections, to assist in rehabilitation work. These young officers had previously received careful training at Military Headquarters in their duties and in the objects of the New Life Movement and had also been brought to realize that fairness and courtesy should be the rule in all their dealings with their fellow men. Upon arrival at the front, the duty of this group was to make a rapid survey of the local situation, proceed to discover the abuses which had borne most heavily upon the people during the communist occupation, and then embody their findings in a detailed report to Headquarters. In the meantime they organized co-operatives to enable the people to secure tools, seed, materials for repairs, and other necessities of life at a reasonable rate of interest on long-term loans. Such assistance was rendered necessary because the communists commonly had deprived the inhabitants of all their livestock and other means of livelihood and often went so far as to destroy their farm implements.

In almost every reoccupied area large numbers of inhabitants had either fled the region, or been killed. Consequently much of the land would have had to lie fallow, without the assistance of the Pieh Tung Tui in directing military units to help plow fields for the benefit of the people — without charge and without obligation of any sort. This aid usually won over the inhabitants, for hitherto their terror of armed forces had been real, their bitter experiences at the hands of bandit forces and, perhaps, former corrupt military units having caused them to regard all armed men, uniformed or otherwise, with horror.

Gradually the government troops completely won the confidence of the people. This was well demonstrated last May, when the Generalissimo made a personal tour of the devastated areas which had just been taken over from the communists. For hundreds of miles as we passed through the villages the peasants lined both sides of the roads, bearing long-handled spears, red-tasseled and gleaming, waiting to salute him, in spite of torrential downpours.

At one village we stopped to watch a procession of happy peasants dressed in their best, often in costumes of ancient heroes, most of them bearing silken banners and some of them carrying in sedan chairs the village deities for their annual outing. Such processions had not been seen for five or six years, partly because the communists had suppressed all gaiety and local customs as the products of detested imperialism, partly because the people, faced with the dire necessity of holding body and soul together, had had neither the time nor the inclination to indulge in any recreation. Now, with exorbitant taxes removed, in comparative peace and plenty, they felt again their former joy in living. The Generalissimo and I left the car and followed the procession, excited ourselves to see the peasants once again happy in a region where for so long had stalked only death and desolation.

Along with military assistance on the farms, Headquarters sends out specialists to care for the poorly nourished, the sick, and the dying and to provide food for those still able to carry on. The Pieh Tung Tui then organizes all able-bodied men, from sixteen years of age upward, into self-defense corps, teaching them how to protect themselves and to act in concert, should the communists by any chance return when the government forces have moved on. They are shown how to build simple mud fortifications, how to use arms — some of which are given each village — and all are taught how to defend themselves and their homes with long-handled, steel-pointed spears — quite formidable weapons when used by massed forces. Apart from the fact that a cer-

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tain measure of self-defense is thus available to the inhabitants, the greatest gain to them is the psychological effect of united effort and the development of the spirit of self-reliance, a spirit the communists ruthlessly suppressed.

In addition to these practical aids to rehabilitation, the Pieh Tung Tui materially assists in re-establishing confidence in the government forces by effectively protecting the people against any infraction of regulations by individual soldiers. If any dispute arises between civilians and the soldiery, the Pieh Tung Tui investigates the matter on the spot and gives a just decision; but the decisions, curiously enough, are generally in favor of the civilians.

Moral Rehabilitation

But the Pieh Tung Tui is concerned not only with the maintenance of peace and order but also and vitally with the education of the demoralized youth of the country. The Pieh Tung Tui has organized free classes for the children and takes upon itself to teach not only reading, writing, and arithmetic but also common sense, courtesy, and citizenship. A foreigner once remarked to me, after a visit to one of the places where the Pieh Tung Tui is functioning, that he was amazed by the courtesy shown him by the little tots, who, instead of gaping at him as he walked through the heat of the day, offered him cups of tea and a shady corner in their schoolyard — and this in a locality where a foreigner is not seen, perhaps, once in five years.

Working in close co-operation with the Pieh Tung Tui, once the ground is cleared, are many groups, for the field is so broad that all help is warmly welcomed. For example, the National Economic Council, the Kiangsi Provincial Educational Commission, the Five Province Special Education Commission, and the Kiangsi Christian Rural Service Union are among the chief organizations now at work. They are so closely related in their labors that the experience gained by one is at the service of any other, for their common aim is to benefit the people. Each, however, has its special type of aid to give.

The National Economic Council, with its staff of experts trained in rural rehabilitation and employing both Chinese and foreigners, offers a scientific approach to conditions which are peculiar to China but whose principles have already been studied in other countries.

The Provincial Education Commission, in unison with the Five Province Special Education Commission, specializes in rural normal courses, for teachers who have been specially sent from their home districts. It has been found that in every case it is far more satisfactory to train local men than to send to the front people unfamiliar with the area. These men do not necessarily have to be highly educated. So long as they can read and write and have the rudiments of education, we deem them sufficiently well informed to become teachers, if they understand the spirit of service. An intensive course is given them in public sanitation, rural economy, village industries, military discipline, and, most emphasized of all, methods of teaching the people to become self-respecting and worth-while citizens. Some instruction in organization is also given. We point out to them, for instance, that it is idle to teach people in the beginning the theories of Dr. Sun Yat Sen's *San Min Chu I* and their superiority as compared with Marxism, because such terms are entirely above the level of the intelligence of the average farmer. Rather they should first teach them principles by practical demonstration, coupled with military discipline for both men and women, and then, later, after they have grasped the significance of these principles, explain Dr. Sun's ideas. So far, three groups of teachers have been trained, and subsequent reports have shown that they have grasped the essentials so well that the districts to which they have returned have gone far ahead of the others hygienically, economically, and in the development of social consciousness.

In order to incorporate the village school into the very heart of community life, the children are taught during the day, and at night the adults go to classes, while farmers also gather to listen to current news, which is patiently and painstakingly explained to them by the teacher. The people consequently not only know what is happening in China itself but also what is happening in other parts of the world, and visitors are surprised to find how well informed the average farmer is.

The Movement Spreads

Not content with organizations specially delegated to these devastated areas to

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work toward a better community life, the Generalissimo, before the end of the spring school season, called a meeting of all the middle-school students in Nanchang. He spoke at length to them of the conditions in the country at large and particularly in their own districts. He pointed out to them the necessity of recognizing the sacrifices their parents were making to give them educations and the fact that such sacrifices entailed a proportionate responsibility on the part of the students to repay the community for what they were receiving.

> The literati of the Manchu Dynasty thought only of benefiting themselves and their families through their learning [the Generalissimo said]. Their highest aim was to become officials, so that they might advance themselves in material prosperity and official honors. As a result they became a privileged class, and the division between them and the people became wider, to the ultimate exclusion of all sympathy. The youth of today is the hope of the future. Upon you depends the sort of nation China will become. What are you going to do to justify your education? Are you returning to your homes this summer with an air of superiority, to look down upon your families for not being so well educated as you, or will you show the result of true education, which is to pass on whatever knowledge you have gained to the largest number of people within your reach?

As a direct result of this talk the students pledged themselves to return to their homes to take active part in giving a practical impetus to the principles of the New Life Movement. Some pledged themselves to open up kindergartens for the village children; others, to teach night classes for the adults; others, to lecture on hygiene and sanitation; and still others, to make fly swatters and to rid their communities of breeding places of insects which carry malarial infections. The reports have just arrived, and these show that the students take their work seriously.

Out of all this is emerging a new citizen, a contented farmer and artisan, on the one hand, and, on the other, a teacher with new ideals, born of the contentment he is producing. The response of the people to the new movement on their behalf has been significant. Finding that those who have come so suddenly to work among them are working for them, they cooperate to the full and have complete confidence in their leaders. Progress is noticeable immediately. The neglect and filth which characterized the villages go quickly. Personal cleanliness is replacing erstwhile indifference to dirt and disease, and the villagers' participation in the many schemes for their good develops a feeling of happiness. Corruption is being fearlessly exposed when detected; soldiers have been shorn of domineering attitudes by strict punishment for proved offenses.

The New Life Movement has already come within the reach of the humblest citizen and has much to contribute to the most enlightened. As it operates in Kiangsi, so it is spreading and flourishing all over the country. In the twelve provinces recently toured by the Generalissimo, noticeable advances were seen in the general cleanliness and orderliness of the cities, as well as in the recovery of spirit by the people and in a new sense of responsibility in officials. They, in contradistinction to other days, are manifesting lively concern for the well-being of the people and contributing in every way possible to the effective application of the principles of the New Life Movement.

In the large centers, the missionary bodies were assembled and were addressed by the Generalissimo and by myself. In every case they signified an immediate wish to work with the leaders of the movement in their respective regions, and joint committees were at once formed under the chairmanship of the Governor of the Province. While the government is enforcing stringent measures for opium suppression, these committees will do their part in establishing opium-curing clinics and teaching the people its evil effects. They will carry on campaigns against foot-binding, tuberculosis, trachoma, and other more-local evils.

In conclusion let me quote from a letter just received from one of the foreign missionaries, now in Kiangsi, on his reaction to the work sponsored there by the New Life Movement:

> The suppression of the communist-bandits and the work of the New Life Movement are proving to be the first stage of a long battle against ignorance, dirt, carelessness, unsuitable dwellings, and the corruption that has for so long cost so much in human suffering. Like the program of Christ this movement is concerned with the poor, the oppressed, the sick, and the little children who have never been given a chance to enjoy life. Out of it will come a strong and united China, which will command the respect of the world; and that new China, like the very old one, will be based firmly upon the four cardinal virtues, with the addition of those desirable elements which go to make a modern world.

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MUSIC IN THE MAKING

A Study of the Creative Mind

BY JAMES L. MURSELL

We were walking home from the concert. The *pièce de résistance* had been Beethoven's Fifth.

"What was Beethoven telling us in that music?" said the Intelligent Layman. "What did he want us to understand by it? What did it mean to him? I wish I knew, because then I might be able to catch his meaning better myself."

"Mean?" snorted the Professional Musician. "Not a thing! It just *is*. Beethoven created a pattern of tone as objective as the Parthenon. You admire and enjoy it for itself and let it go at that."

"I don't believe it," cried the Intelligent Layman. "You technical musicians dehumanize music. To me that symphony has all the quality of a great utterance. Only I don't know what is being uttered. To call it just tonal chess — absurd! No, there's something . . . something. . . ."

He turned to me. "Don't you agree with me?" he said. "Isn't the very essence of music the utterance of one human soul to others?"

"Yes," I said. "I think you're right."

The Professional Musician snorted again and began talking philosophical aesthetics. That is beyond me. My appeal is to facts. What were the great composers up to when they made music? Why did they make it? And how?

The material is hard to come by, forbiddingly technical. But, if one is at all interested in music or ever inclined to reflect about it, that material has quite extraordinary value. It cannot enable us to answer all the questions asked by the Intelligent Layman and his ilk. But it throws much light upon them. Assuredly it can lead us to a better understanding of and a more instructed love for music. And so I shall try to sum up a little of what has been ascertained about the birth of music and the workings of the creative musical mind.

WOOING THE DAEMON

For the great composers music has certainly *not* been a sort of language which could symbolize something. It was *not* written to tell stories, express experiences, or convey "programs." Here in a way the Professional Musician was perfectly right. And, if the Intelligent Layman should be continually wondering what it is "about" or "expresses" or "means," he would fall into grievous error. His rapport with the composer would be weakened rather than reinforced. He would become less intelligent as a listener.

Occasionally music has been an imitation or transcription of nonmusical experience. Schumann's *Haschemann* clearly portrays children playing tag. His *Vöglein als Prophet* is manifestly imitative. Bach wrote his *Capriccio on the Departure of His Beloved Brother* with six parts representing blandishments, warnings, lamentations, the postilion's horn, and so on. Frohberger startlingly depicts the ascent of Ferdinand IV up Jacob's ladder by a glissando scale. Kuhnau's *Bible Sonatas* are full of imitations — of David and Goliath, for instance. But such cases are rare. They are not typical.

And, even when imitation occurs, the listener will not know what it is about unless he is told. Some amusing experiments have dealt conclusively with this point. One gentleman, serving as the psychologist's guinea pig, gave the following impression of Chopin's *Funeral March*, to him unknown. "First sensation that it was one of Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures interspersed with lamentations over her own hard lot. Later concluded that it represented a tired father walking the floor at midnight with a cross, crying baby, alternately singing Watts' Cradle Hymn and scolding the baby."

Musical inspiration, to be sure, does very often depend on nonmusical experience. But

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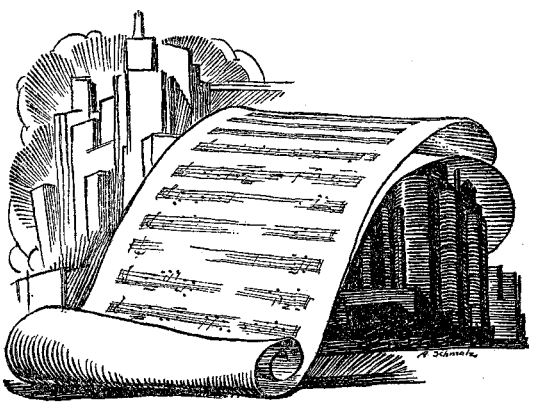
the music does not express such experience in any such crude or obvious way as my friend the Intelligent Layman may have thought. A triplet rhythm occurred to Beethoven while he sat listening to a brook. He jotted it down, and many years later we find it, much changed, in the *Pastoral Symphony*. And even so loose a connection between music and its psychic origins is unusual. Weber got the idea for the march in *Henry IV* when he saw a pile of chairs in a restaurant with their legs in the air. But of this the music conveys no hint. Mozart speaks of ideas coming on journeys, at meals, during walks, and while he lay awake. There is no effort to express or tell about anything. Ideas just come. Berlioz's finest inspirations often came during sleep. He tells of dreaming a particularly beautiful idea and forgetting it when he woke. He took a walk, remembered it, hurried home singing it, wrote it down, and sank into a chair, exhausted but happy. Once a musical conception visited him when he fell into the Tiber. But was this the "meaning" of the music? And now for a shock to idealists with lofty notions about the sanctity of Art. Musical inspirations of the highest order can come from our familiar bogey, the Profit Motive! Mozart wrote *Don Juan* and the *Requiem Mass* — to order! Haydn, asked why he had never composed a quintet, replied quietly: "I was never commissioned to do so."

Musical ideas come from anywhere. There is no regular way of setting out to construct



music, least of all any deliberate undertaking to express nonmusical experience. Beethoven's piano sonata op. 90 began in his mind as an obsessive iambic rhythm, and about this everything built up. The earliest authentic element in the third movement of the *Waldstein Sonata* was merely the initial bass note with the C-major chord above it in arpeggio triplets. Even songs are not always conscious musical elaborations of the program of the poem. Beethoven's *Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht, Tränen ewiger Liebe* began with a musical idea touched off by the words "*unglückliche Liebe.*" Brahms has told us that when he once got the first phrase of a song he would close the book and put the matter from his mind and that later on, without fail, the song would arrive complete.

Once the musical *apperçu* has come, a process of more or less unconscious elaboration starts. And this again has nothing to do with the expression or conveying of nonmusical experience. Mozart has compared it to the mixing of ingredients for pastry. He speaks of the exquisite pleasure of such inner musical elaboration. The American composer Henry Cowell says much the same thing. It is a common experience of composers. Mozart indeed was so fond of merely thinking out his music that he was lazy about writing it. Hence his playing out of his head the piano part of a new piano-violin composition when only the violin part had been written down. Hence too one of the most astounding, though little known, of all musical feats. He once wrote to tell his sister that he had composed a prelude and fugue and that he had composed the fugue in imagination *while writing down the prelude!*

The great composers were extraordinarily susceptible to musical ideas. They gained them from the most varied and unlikely sources. And they were obsessed in elaborating them. Some of them developed special techniques for wooing the daemon, which Berlioz called a wayward musical kobold, without whom the composer could do nothing well. There are private reports that during the fever of composition Wagner would cover the furniture with glittering silks and rub his body sensuously against them. His passion for luxury was a byword. "Can I compose music while I live like a dog?" he exclaimed. But neither here nor elsewhere did music express or convey the circumstances in which it originated.

The conclusion then is clear. Musical inspiration comes from myriad sources. But the music itself conveys little of its origins. To this extent the Professional Musician was right.

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Creative Madness

Yet not wholly right. Perhaps more wrong than right. For there is not the slightest doubt that to every great composer his work had the essential quality of a profoundly personal and a profoundly necessary utterance. To regard music as mere tonal patternmaking is to fly in the face of the known facts of its creation.

With Schubert, for instance, the urge to express was so imperious that when a work was completed he simply lost interest in it and

rushed on to another. Sometimes he failed to recognize his own songs! The score of the great C-major symphony had to be rescued from a wastebasket. He was like one of those lower animals so bent on enormous proliferation that they have no time to bother with their offspring, once they are born. As he himself said: "As soon as I've done one piece I go on with another."

Nothing could be more absurd than to suppose such men were merely playing with tonal patterns. Their whole attitude toward music exhibited the most poignant urgency. Tchaikovsky tells us of creating the *Pathetic Symphony* in floods of tears. Once an acquaintance, knocking on Wagner's door, was confronted with a haggard apparition and driven off with the devastating cry: "Go away. I'm in rut! Don't bother me." Those who saw the creative mood possess Beethoven in company said that the change in him attracted universal attention. A friend says of Schubert: "Those who knew him well know how deeply his creations seized him and how they were born in pain. Anyone who has seen him only once in the morning when he composed, glowing and with glittering eyes, yes, even with another speech, like a sleepwalker, will never forget the sight." And the contrapuntist Harburger, writing of a type of music which we ordinarily consider preeminently mathematical and grammatical, says: "One must feel the counterpoint with one's whole body if one is to be a true contrapuntist. The contrapuntal composition is for me the most dance-like of all dances. Of course it must be understood as a dance in a very different sense from that in which the layman understands the word. It is a dance in the sense of a feeling of complete freedom of all parts of the body, legs, arms, hands and fingers, neck, head, back, breast, in their permanent opposition to and yet harmonious co-operation with one another, flowing from the unifying bodily feeling of the whole organism." Compare this with the brilliant dictum that Bach sounds like five-finger exercises!

The great composer's work is done under an impelling, an obsessive compulsion. The turbulent, chaotic forces of his unconscious mind strive toward clear and structured expression in his music. With some happy temperaments this translation of the formless, unconscious urges into form has taken place with amazing ease and swiftness. Such was the case with Mozart and Schubert. Others again achieve such saving self-expression only by dint of long and terrible wrestling. Here the supreme instance is Beethoven. We know that throughout his whole life he was literally haunted by certain tonal conceptions and ideas. The overture op. 115 was attempted in 1809, 1811, and 1812 and finished only in 1815. Twice at long intervals he essayed a great choral hymn with orchestral accompaniment, before inner need and outward utterance came to sublime fusion in the crowning movement of the *Ninth Symphony*. His sketchbooks are among the most precious documents for those wishing to understand the creative mind. In them we can trace the growth toward perfection of his musical ideas. These jottings have all the aspects of an almost desperate salvaging. They are hints and intimations, often astonishingly crude, which the great artist rescued from the *Sturm und Drang* of his inner strivings. A conception might work for years like a ferment in his mind before he was able to embody it in a composition.

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Here is no tonal grammar or musical mathematics. A well-drilled, intelligent student can learn to write a fugue as technically correct as one by Bach. But who will want to hear it? The great composer does something very different. His essential work is *utterance*.

Talent and Genius

But this seems a contradiction of the flattest. Music incapable of expressing or conveying nonmusical experience, yet having the quality of personal utterance! Intelligent Layman and Professional Musician both right and both wrong! What shall we do? Diffidently the psychologist ventures to point the way.

The lives of the great composers exhibit a highly striking and psychologically significant phenomenon. They were prodigious workers. And they worked at the same dry and formal materials which occupy the students of the more old-fashioned conservatories. But they did so with a persistent zeal which few conservatory students show even sporadically — even just before an exam! We know of Beethoven's patient studies of strict counterpoint under Albrechtsberger and Haydn and those of Brückner under Sechter. At the height of his powers Beethoven returned again and again to study Bach's *Well Tempered Clavier* and not only analyzed but *wrote out* whole scores of Händel and P. E. Bach. Mozart made the most careful studies of the Händel choruses. Shortly before Schubert's untimely death he had planned to subject himself to grueling drill on strict counterpoint — he, the most prolific of musicians! Tchaikovsky and Rimski-Korsakov undertook such drill when they were mature and highly successful composers. And Berlioz once said that twenty-five years might suffice to give the musician an adequate grasp of the technique of his art.

They toiled from a sense of the absolute need of complete facility in manipulating tonal resources. They wished to be able to meet with complete resourcefulness all the many problems which come up in working out a composition, to solve them with creative insight. Technique was to be carried to a point where it ceased to be a difficulty and became second nature. This was necessary because the essence of their work was *the translation into tone of powerful unconscious drives*. And, if the instrument were defective, the technique halting, this was impossible.

Here lies the essence of the distinction between genius and talent. The composer of talent manipulates the tonal texture in terms of technique, facility, and immediate, pleasing effect. Often the facility is wonderful. The decorative elaborations of Liszt, for instance, are often miracles of cleverness. But this is their chief recommendation. The profound, expressive inspiration is not there. Genius, on the other hand, is not talent raised to the nth power but something radically different. The genius lives an inner life of deep, formless emotion, the sport and victim of a psychic drive akin to madness. Yet through his acquired technical mastery he can exteriorize his emotion, down to the last pulse beat. Bach and Mozart are the two most perfect instances of artists whose sheer mastery of tone was but the pellucid medium of a profound inspiration. Everything is lucid, logical, orderly. Yet it has a profound emotional significance and potency.

The Secret Spring

It has been well said that "artistic creation is . . . a constantly renewed attempt to organize what is within, to escape from the thrust of unconscious mental processes, to find new forms, new images, modes of expression for the ancient problem which is constantly thrust upwards from the psychic depths. . . . With each new composition he [the composer] fights for his spiritual existence." * And here we find our Intelligent Layman and Professional Musician reconciled. Music contains no program, for it does not express conscious nonmusical experience. It crystallizes unconscious drive. And in this sense it is indeed an utterance. Any event, any happening may be the signal for the work to begin. Yet the finished product may not at all express that event. Any implement may serve to strike the rock. Yet, when the clear waters of tonal beauty gush forth, the stream flows straight from the composer's most secret self. So, when we hear great music, its power consists in this. It is a means whereby we encounter face to face, arrayed and made palpable in robes of tonal beauty, the composer's very soul.

* Editor's Note: — *Max Graf:* Die innere Werkstatt des Musikers.

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FROM MAIN STREET TO WALL STREET

BY J. LIONBERGER DAVIS

We who dwell on Main Street know little, comparatively speaking, about the intricacies of modern industry, commerce, and finance; and less, perhaps, about international commerce, politics, and exchange. We do know that rivers descend to the sea and that as long as the laws of gravitation exist they will continue to do so. We do know that husbandry will produce crops, the price of which probably is beyond our control, even with the aid of instrumentalities, set up by the Government of the United States, which may attempt to delay or supersede the operations of the law of supply and demand. We do know that by the quiet glow of a campfire, on the vast plains and countless farms of the Middle West and even among the bustling inhabitants of small but active towns, some of the rangers, farmers, and denizens of Main Street are thinking. They are recalling old truths. They still believe in old moralities, such as simplicity in thought and action, justice in the relations between men, and good sportsmanship and fair play in our relations with our neighbors overseas. Sometimes we look wistfully at the towers of Manhattan. Often we stand in awe of, and sometimes follow, the high priests of finance or the prophets of "new eras" as they appear over the Eastern horizon. Still we go on our way toiling and unafraid. Still we sow, we plow, and we reap. Still we try to deal fairly with those with whom our daily task brings us in contact.

We do not believe that we are essentially different from or better than our brothers who toil in man-made canyons and who deal in countless millions, while we husband our resources and live in the great outdoors. We would like to feel kindly toward our fellow citizens whose lives have been circumscribed by a material development which has caught them at times like a monstrous Frankenstein in its crushing claws. We believe that they are the victims of the vast complexity of modern industrial and commercial life. We believe that they have at heart the same aspirations that we have for the ultimate good of our common country. We believe that they, whose eyes are sometimes dazzled by the sparkling waters of the bay, can look across the Atlantic and are able and willing to lend a helping hand to our neighbors overseas. We perhaps do not recognize the old truth that no man can be rich if his neighbors are poor; and yet we feel, perhaps vaguely, that we are not quite just to our debtors, whose crushing burdens we sometimes attempt to lighten by generous benevolence. We and you need guidance and assistance to reach a wise decision with regard to our national and international policies. We ask of you frankness and patience and we welcome your assistance to aid us in our pilgrimage from the valleys to the hills of wisdom. You and we have sent to the halls of Congress senators and representatives who often disappoint us and frequently forget our common national interests, in their zeal for the special interests of their constituents.

Sometimes we become impatient and irritable when woolgatherers among you seek to sheer the wool from our backs. Often we become indignant when some of you, from your man-made heights, look down with supercilious contempt upon us who live on the plains made by God. Sometimes we mildly resent being treated as fish and yet we rise to the flies of those among you who angle for those of us who strike at your hook. Some of us believe that there are those on Main Street who think perhaps more simply, yet not less fundamentally, about eternal truths of justice, economics, and law, than many of you. Many of us still believe that a trustee can serve but one master; that directors of great corporations are, or should be, in fact if not in law, trustees

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for their shareholders. We seek simplicity and candor of statement about our widow's mite invested in great corporations which you, as the modern barons of finance, control for us, your financial vassals. We do not seek to disturb your position of leadership but we ask you to be shepherds rather than woolgatherers of the sheep. We know that among you, as among us, there are many who are pure in heart and who deal justly and wisely, with honesty and common sense, with their fellow men.

II

WE WANT to conserve our natural resources and keep them from being monopolized, believing that what God has given us no man or group of men should be permitted to take away. We rejoice in our mechanical devices which are operated by electricity. We enjoy our radios and like our bright lights on Main Street as you do on Broadway. We are glad to pay a fair price for electric service but we do not like the practice of certain power companies and of some holding companies, which seem to us to have been created and to be operated not to serve us but to exploit us. We do not wish to be objects of charity but we do not like to pay unreasonable rates and charges which adroit and selfish promoters and operators seek, by clever devices, to fasten upon us. We believe that the best of you agree with us that fair rates are just and wise both for us and for the electric-power and public-service companies.

We, like you, are fearful of the specter of Russian communism, which looms in Eastern Europe and Northern Asia as a cloud and a menace to our Western industrial and capitalistic system. We see, as in a glass darkly, a nation of more than 150,000,000 people striving in its own way to readjust its economic and social life to the needs and aspirations of its own people. Vaguely we believe that the Russian people may some day become willing customers of the goods we can produce and may pay for them in goods which they produce, if they can obtain the tools and machinery to aid in their production. Édouard Herriot has said:

> If Europe is not capable of solidarity, Bolshevist Russia, which has not been able to conquer her politically, will conquer her economically. That is a truth that European governments should take to heart.

At times we wonder if, after all, our debtors overseas should not be allowed to pay as much of their debts to us as they can, in the only medium they have: goods and services. We are beginning to question the wisdom of tariff barriers which do not always protect us and sometimes force us to pay high prices for some of the things we need. Those of us who visit foreign lands do not like to have our nation thought of as a Shylock.

We believe, and we are sure that you do, that our nation can not go forward half employed and half idle. We believe that every man and woman who is employable should be employed in a gainful occupation. If all of us working six hours a day can produce all that we can consume and pay for and all our foreign customers will buy and pay for, is it not better for all of us to work than for part of us to labor and give doles to those who are denied an opportunity to earn their living? We hope that, working together, we may make our contribution to Western capitalistic society and aid in an attempt to solve the problem of balancing production and distribution.

You whose footsteps tread the sidewalks of New York or the pavements of other large cities might come for recreation to the quiet places of mountain, forest, and stream and there meditate upon the questions of our national life. Reasoning together about some of our common interests might banish part of the ignorance, suspicion, and ill will which leads some of you to call some of us corn-fed radicals and some of us to call some of you selfish reactionaries. If we should know each other better we might discover that under the skin we are not so different from each other as we often think. We are ignorant, pray enlighten us; we are selfish, pray cleanse our selfishness. You, too, are carried away at times by cupidity and by the desire to seize and hold unearned and undeserved riches. Let us be tolerant, each of the other. Let us remember that we are all members of the same body and let us, with malice toward none but with charity for all, strike hands across our barriers and work together for our own salvation and for the good of the rest of the world.

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THE CATHOLICISM OF PROTESTANTISM

Sentiment Replaces Faith

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

I FEAR the title of this article will seem preposterously paradoxical. If so, all that I can say is that the paradox is not of my making. I take it up merely for the purpose of examining it.

Historically considered, Protestantism, in its own eyes, was not a revolt against the Church but a claim that it *was* the Church and that those who denied its claim were heretics. According to this theory, Protestants, and only Protestants, were Catholics.

Of course that extreme position could not be seriously maintained for long, for the disunion of Protestantism became glaringly apparent. Moreover it was useless trying to call Catholics "Papists" or, when that failed, "Roman Catholics" as distinguished from true Catholics: the mass of mankind ignored these titles by a sound instinct. The difference between Catholicism and Protestantism has never been clearer than it is today.

Yet it must be admitted, indeed strongly asserted, that in so far as Protestantism is teaching truth it is teaching Catholicism. The old-fashioned type of Protestant was often enough a very unpleasant person in his narrowness and intolerance; but at least he insisted upon truth. If he neglected or denied much of the truth, or overemphasized or distorted or isolated parts of the truth to the damage of truth as a whole, his passion for truth was admirable and he retained a great deal of it. To that extent he was a Catholic.

For instance, Calvin laid such stress upon the omnipotence of God as to make Him out almost an all-powerful devil (if such a thing could be). Luther gave to faith a value so extreme as practically to deny any value to conduct. But their affirmations were correct in the main; their heresy consisted in their denials.

It is worth pointing out that modern Protestantism in many respects differs sharply both from the ancient heresies and from sixteenth-century Protestantism. In the first case there was an attempt made to foist upon the Church this or that peculiar tenet which had been evolved in the subtle and precise mind of the heretic. Any denial of Catholic dogma that occurred was only incidental to the establishment of the heretical theology.

The characteristic of modern Protestantism on the other hand is to affirm as little as possible and to deny as little as possible. If only Luther and Calvin could see their descendants! Theology — any sort of theology — among them is practically nonexistent. The serious-minded are little more than textual critics, for whom dogma has only an archaeological interest. Those who are not serious-minded (the vast majority) do not possess even an archaeological interest in dogma. In either event religion is reduced to being nothing but a sentiment. To be religiously minded, as they put it, is all that matters. Instead of faith there is a graceful responsiveness to what is regarded as "spiritual" — a certain amount of delicacy and a vast quantity of sentimentality.

No doubt the new-style Protestants are more pleasant to live among than their Puritan predecessors, but who can feel for them anything warmer than good-natured contempt? Their forebears were at least Christian in their dour fashion and decidedly were men — if we might also describe them as Tartars. Whereas the bland, backslapping Christianity now in vogue is nothing but an amiability which is easy to achieve since it springs from no deeper conviction than that honesty is the best policy and that religion is synonymous with a somewhat smug neighborliness. Life might have been more difficult among the old sons of thunder, but at least it must have been more interesting. And there was a wide expanse of

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common ground between them and Catholics.

Yet I do not for a moment hope for an increase of religious conviction (which would also imply Catholicism) among Protestants. It is impossible that that should now occur. What has happened is what was from the first inevitable, as many sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Catholics clearly perceived. The "reformers" started to quarrel among themselves and to divide and subdivide into their sects, the bitterness of their mutual antagonism often being in inverse proportion to the importance of the questions at issue.

The consequence of that disunion among them (also foreseen) was disillusionment. Since the doctors of divinity disagreed so widely, how could one expect to arrive at any certainty with regard to the truth? It was so much easier to murmur that creeds fomented strife and to fall back upon a tolerance based upon an indifference to truth. The only real excuse for intolerance was in the case of those obnoxious persons, the Catholics, who continued to affirm their obsolete opinions.

Though a pitiable it was also an entertaining spectacle. The Bible, which had been accepted as the sole basis of authority, was subjected to searching criticism, and it came to be regarded as almost as obscurantist to hold to the Scriptures as a guide for faith as it was to believe in the authority of the Church. A few old-fashioned people continued to draw all their religious sanctions from that now largely discredited book, as some still do. But their number is rapidly diminishing, and I fear that before long "Bible Christians" will be an extinct species.

What, then, was left? Little more than an admiration for the moral teaching of Christ and for his life. All could agree that the Sermon on the Mount contained very beautiful sentiments, and, agreeing there, they could afford to ignore a medieval and moribund Christology.

It was apparent that "confessions" and creeds divided brother from brother. Therefore, said the Protestants — tired of strife and somewhat disgusted with it — let us have Christian fellowship without such things. It did not seem to occur to them that a creed was a stone wall which shut men safely in just as much as it shut men strictly out. Or, if such a thought did occur to them, they perceived that it was hopeless to have a creed that did not repose upon an authority which could be absolutely trusted.

II

Before me there lies a report of a sermon preached a few years ago by the Reverend Russell J. Clinchy in the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church at Washington. I do not know anything about Dr. Clinchy and quote him merely because his words are at hand. But he does undoubtedly reflect the prevailing Protestant opinion. No doubt thousands of ministers have asked, "Can we build the Great United Protestant Church? . . . It shall be a church with a unity of spirit, because its creed shall never contain anything which shuts out any man or woman." I am sure that his sentiment warmed the hearts of his congregation and that they all went home in a happy spiritual glow.

But I wonder if Dr. Clinchy or any of his auditors took the trouble to think about the matter. What unity of spirit can there be with-

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out a creed? And how is it possible to construct a creed which can never exclude anybody? However much you try to substitute the lowest common factor for the highest common denominator, there must be *some* residuum of belief held in common, to make people want to unite at all. If the creed affirmed nothing beyond the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man (the dear old slogan of religious liberalism), there would be at least a few people who would dissent from either one or both items in the soothing confession.

I know of course what the reverend gentleman meant, and so it would be unkind to press him too hard. He wants some sort of creed, but one that will put as little strain as possible upon the average man's capacity or will to believe. Then the Great United Protestant Church will be crowded with people who like to sing the dear old hymns, with their touching associations of childhood, and to listen to mild discourses about the spiritual urge. Only I very much doubt whether the Great United Protestant Church has any future before it unless it is going to give its adherents something more substantial than that.

The movement for Protestant amalgamation now going on is, in its way, an excellent one. For a long time past — since our world got rid of the necessity for definite belief — the various Protestant sects have had little to distinguish them from one another and so have no valid excuse for division. There was no point in trying to maintain separate, struggling congregations of Baptists, Methodists, and Unitarians in a town, all of whose ministers said Sunday after Sunday that all Protestants should seek spiritual unity in a creed that everybody would accept, since it made no demands upon anybody. Why not eliminate waste and increase efficiency in having one Great United Protestant Church?

Perhaps somebody shakes his head doubtfully over the proposal. For, if the scheme were put into operation, would not two ministers out of the three be without jobs? Not at all. More people would come to church, when they understood how broad was the foundation of spiritual unity, and each of the three ministers would therefore be better off. And, even if the number of places of worship were actually reduced, a good many poorly equipped buildings could be sold for conversion into furniture warehouses, and a few of the less-eloquent ministers retired. After all, it is increasingly difficult to secure a sufficiency of adequately trained and gifted men for the ministry, so the problem would be solved by reducing slightly the number of those called to the sacred office.

What is involved in this is the establishment of a Great United Protestant Church which should correspond to the Catholic Church. No longer would it be possible for Catholics to point out the disunion of Protestantism; and there would be a new Catholicism of creedlessness to pit against the Catholicism of the ancient creed.

It must not be thought that I am unsympathetic to the idea of a united Protestantism. I am only profoundly skeptical of the basis of union. All Catholics would heave a sigh of relief if Protestants would agree on their articles of belief, whatever they were. But, as that is an evident impossibility, they are obliged to wait patiently for the final collapse of Protestantism as a spiritual force; and at that moment they will have on their hands the appalling job of trying to evangelize a world totally without religious belief.

III

A CREEDLESS Catholicism will be the last phase of Protestantism. The attempt will be made, as it is already being made, to introduce every feature of Catholicism except its conviction in the supernatural. In the sermon that I have before me, Dr. Clinchy approves the "wise and farseeing plan of the Roman Catholic Church in the establishment of religious orders" and urges its adoption by Protestants. Indeed, the plan has already been tried. The Reverend R. J. Campbell, in his "New Theology" days, before he became a clergyman of the Church of England, did form a body of young men who should correspond to the preaching friars. Twenty years ago I came within an inch of joining them.

Every fashionable and wealthy congregation wants a Gothic edifice. These people forget, of course, from what spiritual passion Gothic architecture sprang, but they imitate it closely, even to the extent of having stained-glass windows and statuary niches filled with

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such saints as they can muster. Their services are more and more modeled on the pattern of dignified Anglicanism, and some attempts have been made to introduce something like the ritual of the Mass, while avoiding at the same time all of its significance.* The atmosphere of the old Puritan conventicle no longer exists, and, though as yet comparatively few congregations can afford a stately and decorous ritual, the number of such congregations is increasing. For the interior unity of the broad creed must express itself in liturgical uniformity.

Again I hope I am not being unsympathetic. I much prefer a seemly and dignified liturgy to the cheerful informality that still characterizes many Protestant services. But liturgy and ritual are of religious value only in relation to the religious reality they are intended to convey. Otherwise they are degraded to the posturing and mummery of which stout Protestants, who missed the point, have so often accused the Catholic Church. Far better would be a roaring camp meeting or revival, with conviction present, than the stateliest forms of worship with nothing behind them.

Something still worse is frequently encountered, and that is the use of ancient prayers and theological phrases, when they are retained only because they represent tradition. For this is simply nauseous cant. If a man says bluntly that he does not believe in the Incarnation I respect his honesty. But, when a minister preaches on the Incarnation and interprets it to mean not that God became man but that man became God, I can have no respect either for his honesty or his intelligence. It is just this sort of thing that is only too frequent in the Great United Protestant Church now evolving. It will retain the Bible without really believing in it. It is likely to retain the Apostles' Creed as something to be recited, but every article will be dissolved in sentimentality and made meaningless. The terms of theology will be employed — and emptied of all content.

Not by such means is spiritual unity to be won. The only way it can be won is the way in which it was preserved, by clear, intellectual definition and by the unreserved acceptance by the mind and heart and will. That unity may be seen at Mass, which is a sacrifice in which all take part, an act of worship common to all, with the Catholic affirmation in the only-begotten Son of God, "Born of the Father before all ages, God of God, light of light, true God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men and for our salvation descended from Heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

Through nothing else can unity be achieved. To fancy otherwise is to entertain the most futile of illusions. You cannot have Catholicism without its soul or even Protestantism without a creed. The Great United Church of Protestantism is a vain attempt to enjoy spiritual emotions without accepting spiritual responsibilities. But it so happens that there is no way of having the consolations of religion without religious belief. Anything else is religiosity.

** Nothing I say here is intended to apply to High Anglicans or to a few small, exclusive sects.*

Street Elms

Street elms full summer makes shapelier,
That bend and sway with tresses flying —
They are like phantom girls when they stir;
The wind steals their sighing.

They are like girls in meadows of the mind,
Standing on tiptoe, their tresses flying,
Poised to follow the wind, to find
Whither he bears their sighing.

CHARLES NORMAN

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FROM SEVENTY ON

BY F. S. BRIGHT

VIEWING LIFE from the high point of seventy years I find myself looking on, not back, and so I do not seem to myself to be growing old.

Victor Hugo, in a glance backward from the sixty-year station, told of his point of view at the beginning of each decade from the twentieth to the sixtieth and reached the conclusion that at sixty he had just begun to live. He was in error, for one does not reach that point until he is seventy, and I am not quite sure that seventy is not too early.

Bergson tells of the man who stood eleventh in the line of those to be guillotined. When he had seen eight beheaded and stood but three away from the block, an officer touched him on the arm, directed him to stand aside, and handed him a pardon. He went from the guillotine almost immediately to record what he had thought as he advanced from No. 11 to No. 3 in that line — and it took a book to tell that story.

Mr. Daniel W. Voorhees, later a senator from Indiana and probably the foremost orator of his day, years ago defended the youngest of John Brown's followers. He told me that from the time he began his argument in the morning he was never conscious of anything but the judge on the bench and the jury in the box, until four in the afternoon, when the deputy sheriff began to light the candles in the darkening courtroom. The judge, the jury, the countrymen crowding the room sat spellbound, forgetting even their country dinners.

Am I hugging these stories as a solace to my age, or do the man to be guillotined and Senator Voorhees really prove that the flight of time is only relative?

If I were to die tonight, life would owe me nothing. I have collected up to the minute. Fifty-five of my seventy years I have spent in Washington, and what I have seen! I have known the great (alas, how few!) and the near-great but I can remember no one in public life, old or young, who ever lived as a public official long enough. As I walk the corridors of the Capitol the air is haunted with the ghosts of the disappointed.

What may one look forward to at seventy? In the very topmost place of my own profession in Washington, one man of eighty and two of seventy-nine work day by day with joy in their labors and much helpfulness and usefulness to the world. Five ninths of the Supreme Court are older than I, and none of the five is yet fading. Let the callow barrister who thinks so stand up to the barrage of questions any of them is likely to pour down on his luckless head, and he will be disabused.

If I were called upon to advise one how to live to be seventy, I should say the most important thing is not to seek and follow the easy way. The path with no hurdles must soon lose all the zest of following, and, if the hurdle seems insurmountable, there may be ways around, if not over it. The wisest of Americans, when faced by any difficulty that blocked his way, said, "This will pass"; and Franklin lived much more than eighty years of usefulness.

Another, though now outmoded American philosopher said,

> Most of your ills ye have cured
> And the sharpest still have survived,
> But what torments of grief ye've endured
> Over ills that never arrived.

What most of all makes life still worth living at seventy? Certainly not riches. They come, they stay, they fly away; but, if still at seventy one could believe there is a vengeful God and that he leaves the individual the choice of but one of his dearest possessions, the wise man would say to him, "Leave me my friends."

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LAWYERS ON THE LOOSE

The Bar Needs Regulation

BY JEROME BEATTY

I DON'T KNOW how many centuries have passed since the lawyer began to regulate the layman, but in the interests of fair play it's time for a turnabout.

The three learned professions, according to Webster's dictionary are theology, law, and medicine, which shows that at times the dictionary stoops to the level of a joke book; for if law, as frequently practiced in the United States, is a learned profession, so is Mrs. Warren's.

Lawyers run the United States of America. Clarence E. Martin, a former president of the American Bar Association, has boasted:

> They have always predominated in the halls of Congress. The people have turned intuitively to the members of the legal profession to guide and direct their political, financial, and business affairs.

And look what their guidance has done to us!

There is nothing new in pointing out the disgraceful alliances between criminals and their lawyers. Everybody knows of the stupidities in court procedure. Every person who has been involved in a lawsuit has experienced delay, has paid exorbitant fees, and has seen lawyers and judges make a monkey out of justice.

But I believe few laymen realize that shysters, incompetent counselors, and unethical operators control Congress, our state legislatures, and our bar associations to such an extent that our legal system is first a plan for making money for lawyers and that justice is an afterthought. Lawyers *want* it as it is.

Says Presiding Judge Pullen of the Third District Court of Appeals in California:

> From time to time grandiloquent plans have been announced for getting after the shysters and pettifoggers who impede justice, but to all appearances these plans never get beyond the blueprint stage. One barrier to reform is the large number of lawyers in the legislature who, being for the most part from the lower grades of the profession, sidetrack any legislation that would hit a lawyer's pocketbook.

In law we find thousands of honorable men with good minds, and most of them are members of bar associations which continually are adopting resolutions and making surveys and presenting recommendations to the governor in a futile effort to clean up the bar.

However, half the lawyers belong to no bar association whatsoever. Of the 160,000 lawyers in the United States, only 28,000 are members of the American Bar Association. And even the bar associations are usually controlled by members who render impotent the activities of those of their colleagues who attempt seriously to live up to that paragraph in the Canons of Ethics which reads as follows:

> The future of the Republic, to a great extent, depends upon our maintenance of justice, pure and unsullied. It cannot be so maintained unless the conduct and the motives of the members of our profession are such as to merit the approval of all just men.

We have reached a point where the conduct and motives of the lawyers who hold the balance of power in their profession merit nothing better than sneers from all just men. The honest, ethical lawyers appreciate the situation. They're frightened. But they don't know what to do. They realize that only with the backing of an aroused public can they accomplish anything. But they feel they'd be traitors to their profession, if they confessed they couldn't clean their own house and had to call in the layman to help.

A prominent New York attorney wrote me:

> After practicing in New York City for some 35 years, I feel thoroughly convinced that the greatest aid to crime in this country is the unscrupulous and corrupt lawyer, and the bar associations do little or nothing to correct the matter. Another fact which has appealed to me during a lengthy practice is the tremendous wastefulness both in time and money in our present legal procedure. It is retained largely because it cannot be reformed by laymen, and members of the legal profession do not want it reformed,

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as it would cut their work so seriously, not half of the present lawyers being necessary under any sort of decent and economic business.

The bar has ceased to have any ethics. Lawyers have simply become businessmen and seek to accomplish their ends in any way that will bring results.

Says Earle W. Evans, a former president of the American Bar Association:

We must clean house in a hurry, or an aroused public will do it for us. The whole profession is being arraigned for the sins of a very few, and I am not sure as a class that we have done the utmost to deserve the public's approval.

Harry D. Nims, a noted New York lawyer, has written:

Unless we develop a finer and more sensitive ear to the complaints of the public as to the administration of justice, the public will soon put many of us in the ranks of the unemployed, for methods of settling disputes will be found that will dispense with our services.

John Kirkland Clark, Chairman of the American Bar Association's Council on Legal Education:

There are some lawyers, unworthy of their profession and faithless to their oath, who really are in cahoots with organized criminals, who invoke perjured testimony, frame alibis, and engage in wholesale deceit of the court.

Kenneth Dayton, Chairman of the Committee of Law Reform of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York:

Large numbers of lawyers are professionally irresponsible. But little is done to correct this situation. We need a new conception of the lawyer as a minister of justice and we need a disciplinary body with the initiative and the courage to punish infractions of these standards.

Judge Joseph E. Corrigan of the New York Court of General Sessions:

As the law is now, perjury is the commonest and safest of crimes. There is hardly a trial in which at least one witness does not lie under oath.

Usually, of course, prompted by a lawyer.

Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States:

If we fail to break up the liaison between certain members of our profession and the leaders of highly organized crime, we cannot complain when public movements are instituted to do for us what we have been unable to do for ourselves.

II

Guy A. Thompson, a former president of the American Bar Association, has protested that it is unfair to criticize the bar when it does not disbar or send to jail lawyers who violate their oaths. "Laymen do not understand this situation," he says and points out that legislatures are to blame because they have not passed laws that are adequate for punishing crooked lawyers. Mr. Thompson forgets that the only reason such laws have not been passed is because lawyers, inside and outside the legislatures, have consistently opposed them.

To be sure, we often find rascals in theology and quacks in medicine, but they do not control their professions. Many a doctor takes three or four visits to do a job that could be completed in one, and surgeons who perform operations that are not entirely necessary are hardly rare specimens; but the medical profession, to be as unscrupulous in its scramble for fees as the law, would have to be dominated by men who would be opposed to general sanitation, who would encourage epidemics and prevent the passage of laws to punish malpractice and quackery.

The present state of affairs is causing untold suffering and enormous expense. Because of court delays, encouraged by lawyers, plaintiffs with just causes are forced to settle for half of what they honestly deserve. Shysters and ambulance chasers, with trumped-up cases, cost corporations immense sums of money. Involved court procedure and technicalities disrupt business, tie up investments for year upon year, while highly paid attorneys drag cases along and pile up fees. Rules of court procedure make it difficult to punish guilty men and women and encourage crime and condone the acceptance of stolen money by defense attorneys.

Lawyers, even the unethical ones, agree that, if a powerful majority of the members of the bar so desired, the courts, the laws, and the bar could be cleaned up almost instantly. All that is necessary is for legislatures to pass bills, prepared usually by competent committees of expert lawyers interested in the common good, which already have been presented and defeated or pigeonholed in every legislature in the land.

In defense of the people I must protest Clarence E. Martin's statement that we have

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"turned intuitively" to the lawyer for direction of our political affairs. I don't believe many of us ever vote "intuitively" for a lawyer. We vote for lawyers because nobody else runs for office.

Politics is made to order for a lawyer. He can handle his political job on the side, and public office usually helps his business. Lawyers learn to become thick-skinned and can laugh off attacks, libelous or true, that would shatter the nerves of a businessman. Lawyers can stand the stench of politics; their business gives them the political connections to get them places on the ticket. They understand the art of stump speaking and of vote getting and know, after election, how to perform in order to assure re-election.

We'll never get lawyers out of politics.

But we can get better lawyers into our legislatures. Public opinion can strengthen the power of the ethical attorneys in the bar associations to such an extent that they may control those associations and conduct political campaigns for and against lawyers according to their attitude toward legislation that will clean up the courts and the bar. Chambers of commerce, Rotary, women's clubs, churches could give the bar associations the necessary backing.

III

In the meantime, is there any backfire we can start?

There is.

A president of a small corporation told me:

> At the end of the year I figured up how much I had spent for lawyers and what I had paid out in judgments against me. I found the lawyers, not the plaintiffs, got most of the money.
>
> Take one case. I was sued for $2,500 and would have been quite willing to settle for $1,000, which was a fair amount. My lawyer advised me to delay the case, and it went to trial after two years. The plaintiff got a judgment of $750. My lawyer charged me a fee of $500, making a total cost to me of $1,250. And the plaintiff in the end received only $400, for his lawyer charged him $350. If the plaintiff, without hiring a lawyer, had come into my office and talked it over, I would have given him $1,000, which would have been all his. Instead, we both hired lawyers, who collected a total of $830, more than twice as much as the plaintiff got!
>
> In addition, I had lost this man's good will, and his antagonism has cost me probably two or three thousand dollars' worth of business. It doesn't make sense.

That suggested a plan which I have discussed with businessmen and with ethical lawyers. It won't revolutionize justice but it will help, and they agree it will work in many a case where honest men have an honest difference of opinion. And it will tend to frighten lawyers and force them into a cleanup of their own.

It is this: keep as many lawsuits as possible out of the hands of lawyers.

The local Chamber of Commerce (if its laymen members are strong enough to put the plan through over the opposition of lawyers) appoints a Justice Without Litigation Committee, made up of laymen. Through the newspapers this committee asks all aggrieved persons to come to it before employing a lawyer.

Mr. Jones, for instance, believes his broker made an error that caused Mr. Jones a loss of $3,500. His first instinct is to bring suit. Instead, he goes to the Chamber of Commerce Committee. One of the members telephones the broker and suggests a meeting. The broker himself, not a subordinate who has to go back to the office for an O.K., meets with Mr. Jones. It is not a question of arbitration. The Chamber of Commerce committeeman merely presides impartially at the discussion and helps guide it as best he can.

Mr. Jones knows if he sues and pays a lawyer he may come out of the trial with $1,000. The broker realizes it might cost him $4,000 after he pays attorney's fees. They settle, perhaps, for $2,500, and both sides are satisfied. The waste of time and lawyers' fees are eliminated. The broker retains Mr. Jones' good will.

The Chamber of Commerce committeeman is sufficiently skilled to draw up simple, and therefore binding, papers to settle the whole affair.

If the broker sends a lawyer to meet Mr. Jones or a subordinate who wants to go back and boast about how he put it over on Mr. Jones, the plan won't work. This is a plan for fair-minded men who will make decisions uninfluenced by chicanery.

That's all. You just get the parties together before they fall into the hands of lawyers. If they can't agree, *then* they employ lawyers.

I'd like to see it tried. And so would every businessman with whom I have discussed it.

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THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

BY CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

This is the best world I have ever been in, yet! I like its health, its scenery, its opportunities, and its people. When they go right I admire them and when they go wrong I feel quite at home with them.

I'd like to see depressions ended, wars stopped, race hatreds eliminated, and the liquor traffic, which now seeks to engulf us, forever annihilated. Some people changed their minds about that matter. Mine has been confirmed by the promises broken, by the same old deeds of iniquity perpetrated by the same unprincipled gang. They are selling poison to men, women, and children now and to little tots they are peddling candy that contains a quarter of a teaspoonful of strong liquor in every chocolate drop. They are running for a fall.

I believe in governments. Any government is better than none. But I would cut the price of government to one third of what it now is and then reduce it a little annually. We are headed wrong when we are making a paternity to take care of all who are willing to be carried and nursed. Excessive taxes break down respect for government and bring on hatred of it. We are heading that way now.

I would like to live in a world where men are religious and intense believers but believe as intensely in the other man's right to his own religion.

I'd like to see primary education universal; but I think purposeless college education useless. We have made a fad of educating people who neither need it nor can carry it.

Give us a world where men believe in God and live, therefore, as brothers; where nations settle their disputes as decent individuals do — by reason or arbitration; where men recognize human liberty as essential but will not tolerate big fortunes made by robbery or vice or by poisoning their fellow men — a world of leadership where they do not follow a multitude to do evil. I have been studying the two most striking leaders of the world today — Mussolini and Hitler. They, of course, have made their mistakes; they are both human. But the way their respective nations rallied to them preaches loudly of how eagerly the whole world longs for moral leadership.

I am a great believer in the joys of country life as expounded and elaborated upon by Cicero in his *De Senectute*. I'd like to live out of doors, where I could enjoy flowers and fields and cattle, sheep and goats, horses and ponies. I'd rather associate with thoroughbred horses than with scrub people. What takes the joy out of life is the clocklike schedule for work and the abnormal hours for fun that have grown up with our city dwellers. This rush is carried over into leisure and has stepped up its tempo to such a pace that it is no longer leisure; it becomes strenuous and it leads to all sorts of abnormalities in social life.

The world I would like to live in would always have a majority of the people living on the soil instead of on cobblestones; they would be living in their own houses (it's hard to make a home out of a flat) — a world of homes with just enough government to prevent evildoers from robbing or molesting the law-abiding and the true. A world of love and friendship and tolerance, instead of bigotry and narrowness, would be worth living in. I'd like to try it for a thousand years.

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STEWED QUAKER

BY DELLA T. LUTES

It was Black Jule, the very-much-colored cook in the home of a friend where I was suddenly stricken with a bad cold, who introduced me to Stewed Quaker. Black Jule is none of your soft-spoken, prideful Brown Girls, such as reign over the cavernous basements of Back Bay regions, but a scion of the Old South.

Black Jule, I found, as our acquaintance ripened over the bowl of Stewed Quaker, had short regard for doctors, drugs, nor, according to her convictions, all their accompanying devils.

"On'y trouble is," she confided, frowning a little over present limitations, "you caint git a-holt of de 'quirements. Taken my hand, now, 't I cut dis mawnin on one dese yer bottle-top contraptions. Effen I'd a-had a ripe puffball in a bag, way my mammy used to have, I could-a stopped dat bleedin' mejiately. But where'd a body find a ripe puffball now'days, Gawd sakes?"

My mother used to draw a sharp line between what experience and valued testimony had taught her were "true remedies" and superstitions. But, as against her rather limited experiments in the field of "simples" and an inherent suspicion of credulity, I would any day pit Black Jule's inbred and tempered lore. If Black Jule said that dried puffball would stop bleeding, then I would unhesitatingly submit my severed flesh to its smoky dust.

So with Stewed Quaker. Whatever Stewed Quaker might turn out to be, if Black Jule relied upon its curative qualities, my faith in the magic to be conjured laid me in the hollow of her hand.

The name of the remedy in itself doubtless had something to do — according to modern psychiatry, — with paving the way for receptivity. "Stewed Quaker" was so incongruous a term, so hilarious an appellation that the healing qualities, designated by old experience as well as by new science, were doubtless already functioning while the Quaker was still stewing, as you might say, in his own juice.

Black Jule's Stewed Quaker consisted of butter, honey, and vinegar boiled to a gentle sirup. "De vinegar," she said in mellow phrase, "cuts de phlegm. De butter soo's down de rough aidges, an' de honey — well, honey's a healin' mejum anyhow." And, since I have myself found a mixture of lemon juice and honey almost as effective (except for emotional stimulus) as Stewed Quaker, I am again ready to concede the honors to Black Jule's recipe.

My mother had another remedy for bronchial coughs — and one quite equal to this in point of flavor, providing your taste happened to be of that bourgeois quality.

In a shallow baking pan a thick layer of sliced onions was placed and over this probably half a cup of either thinly sliced or finely chopped salt pork; a dash of black pepper and a generous sprinkling of light-brown sugar were added, with perhaps a third of a cup of water; and the dish was set in the oven to bake slowly until reduced to a rich, brown sirupy mass. You then sipped the sirup whenever attacked by a paroxysm of coughing.

If the cold persisted or got down in the lungs, causing pain, fever, and wheezing, the pork-and-onion remedy, in a slightly different form, was used externally as well. The onions and pork were now chopped together, placed in the oven until fat and juice began to ooze in unison, and the mixture was then spread between folds of old, thin muslin. This was laid, warm and unctuous, upon the afflicted chest and covered with a generous piece of flannel (preferably homespun).

Father Takes a Cure

Other "plasters" played their part in the alleviation of colds or even of "lung fever,"

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the timely colloquialism for pneumonia. The mustard plaster was perhaps more potent than others — at least it was not difficult to render it more potent, as was instanced in our own family.

My father was suffering from an attack of lumbago which was without doubt extremely painful. And, when my father suffered, the remainder of the family was not left in ignorance of the fact. I remember once hearing my mother ask him what good it did to groan so loudly, to which he replied, between mighty exhalations of sound, "Well, it makes me *feel* better — reason enough."

In this particular case of the lumbago, my mother made a mustard plaster and applied it to the afflicted parts. My father was raising a particularly loud hullabaloo when the poultice was applied, and, as the potency of the remedy began to take effect, the commotion was appreciably increased.

"You've got it too tarnation strong," my father accused her bitterly, threshing heavily about on the bed. "You want to *kill* me — that's what you want to do — you want to KILL me!" His voice rose in a crescendo of anguish, and I, paralyzed with fright for his imminent death and with horror at my gentle mother's purpose, rushed from the room and threw myself, weeping, on the floor.

"Shush-shush," my mother soothed me comfortingly as she came out of the torture chamber and closed the door after her. "What's the matter, child?"

"He's going to die!" my muffled voice wailed into the pillow. "My pa's going to *die!*"

"There, there!" My mother took me in her lap and rocked me gently in her arms. "Your pa ain't goin' to die *today*," she assured me confidently, "though I *did* make it pretty strong," and proceeded calmly with her sewing in spite of the din emanating from the bedroom.

After a little, the hubbub subsided to a hoarse, murmuring sound. "I guess it's done it's work," remarked my mother complacently, folding up and laying aside her sewing. "I'd better go and see 't don't burn him."

She went therefore into the bedroom, where her ministrations brought a stealthy cessation of all sound. Then came her indignant voice:

"'Lij' Thompson, what in *time* is this plaster doing *under* the bed?"

My father grunted comfortably. "The darn thing's so strong I thought it'd draw enough from there — and it has!"

FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES ONLY

POULTICES and plasters, effective panaceas that they doubtless were, nevertheless had certain faults and imperfections not to be denied. The onion-and-salt-pork poultice, for instance, had an unpleasant habit of slipping its moorings and loosing stray bits, which came slithering their oily way down the recumbent anatomy or suddenly confronted one on sheet or pillow slip.

On a bitter winter's night, too, the mixture of fat and sticky juice was likely to become somewhat congealed, and its clammy contact with fevered flesh was not entirely conducive to restful ease. And, if one *must*, in fairness to a progressive science, enumerate all the disadvantages as well as the virtues of this particular restorative, it should be admitted that the odor of half-cooked salt pork and semiraw onion can become somewhat trying along toward the zero hour.

The salt-pork panacea for sore throat was less instantaneously felt but was considered a more able and trustworthy assailant of the malady. The preparation was simple. You cut a moderately thick slice of pork from a salty slab, laid it with the rind next the skin, and bound it there with a length of flannel. Certain mothers of my early acquaintance, not content with this treatment (especially in case of threatened croup) also bound strips of salt pork to the bottoms of their children's feet. My own mother, a reasonably fastidious woman with regard to her bed linen, never went to such lengths.

The stocking was of course the commonest of all palliatives for a mild sore throat. It had to be a soiled stocking, and in this particular quality alone could the modern footgear meet the requirements, since the remedial hosiery had to be white in color and cotton in texture.

Besides the poultices, or "plasters" as they were commonly called, there were the various greases and oils, without which no well-regulated medicine cupboard was complete. Goose oil, "tried" or rendered from the fat of

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that fowl, was always kept on hand for chest colds, but skunk's oil was thought to be more penetrating and effective, although more difficult to obtain. Rattlesnake's oil, so it was said, softened rheumatic joints and took the soreness out of stiffened muscles.

Geese and sheep were not infrequently sacrificed to the family table, so goose grease and tallow were natural products; but while rattlesnakes were by no means rare, it was only the most venturesome who sought them out for their remedial products. Who would have believed that the time would come when rattlesnake meat would be sold as an epicurean delicacy, with the oil merely a by-product?

Libations and brews were also important among the traditional curative agents of my childhood days. The desired end in breaking up a cold was to "work up a sweat," and to effect this an apparently endless variety of "teas" were brewed. The least offensive of these was a catnip tea sweetened and diluted with cream. This was especially favored by children — and cats. The most pleasing, considered from my own personal standpoint, was ginger tea with the strength comfortably controlled and plenty of cream and sugar added.

My father's favorite precaution against a cold after some severe exposure, was a mug of hard cider sweetened with rock candy and simmered on the back of the stove, with enough red pepper added to tease the tongue but not so much as seriously to impair the taste.

Then there were the "tonics," "bitters," and "blood purifiers," some of which, like their trade-marked relatives, allowed considerable leeway in the matter of alcoholic content.

My father's favorite "bitters" was made from the roots of rhubarb, yellow dock, dandelion, mandrake, and God knows what else, with the bark of alder and sassafras added. These were simmered together for hours, the liquid then strained off, sweetened with rock candy, and boiled again. This was then diluted with good rye and bottled for immediate use.

The reference just made to rock candy leads me to wonder what has become of it. Gone, perhaps, the way of horehound drops, pep'mint sticks, Jackson Balls, and candy apples. Why my father had to have rock candy for his bitters when plain brown sugar or molasses were considered sufficiently pure for the children's drams and sops I do not know, but he did, and drugstores carried it for the purpose for which they also supplied good rye whisky — for medicinal usage.

Horehound candy was regarded as almost a household necessity, in the season when coughs and colds were most prevalent. It came in round lozenges, and school children carried it in their pockets — the same pockets which stored string, fishhooks, tamarack gum, marbles, and similar store.

"Gone Are the Days—"

Children of today seem not to suffer from many of the ailments to which tender flesh was considered the legitimate heir when I was small. The stone bruise was one of these. Not since I left the days of country school-teaching behind me have I seen or heard of a stone bruise. Is it because children no longer go barefoot, or have all the stones been gathered from road and field and neatly piled into league upon league of fence?

At any rate, the stone bruise was a common misery when I was a child, and plantain leaves, pounded to a pulp inside a folded cloth and then bound to the afflicted spot, brought quick relief. And only one who has suffered from the throbbing, aching, burning pain of stone bruise can know the heavenly sensation of relief that accompanied the cool, damp application of such.

Chilblains were another complaint of those days directly resultant from the local environment. The trimly shod, silk-stockinged housewife of today, in her snug, smart kitchen, the floor of which is duly laid in weathertight boarding, covered with layers of composite cork or rubber, and finally protected from all inclement weather by a central heating system, cannot even imagine the torture borne by some of her ancestors from chilled feet.

In our house — as in many others — when I was a small child, the cellar did not extend under the kitchen. The boards of the floor were wide and old, with cracks between, through which, in winter weather, came icy blasts of air.

My mother wore woolen stockings of her own knitting and a sort of felt garter shoe and sometimes "Ar'tics" over these. But at that I have seen her sit at night bathing the afflicted

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heels in turpentine to alleviate the pain, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Children suffered so from chilblains that it was impossible to keep their small feet quiet on the schoolroom floor. Intense and agonizing itching, irritation, smarting, burning, and swelling were the symptoms, and the confinement in heavy, cowhide shoes was almost beyond endurance.

Hands and ears, frostbitten, if immediately rubbed with snow found some relief, but it was the poor feet, continually cold, ever verging upon the rim of a freezing zone, that suffered most. Spirits of turpentine was the surest and speediest means of relief.

Stomach-ache was then, as now, a rigid fulfillment of the law of cause and effect. Little peaches still in gardens grow, and the consequence of an acquaintance too soon made is as likely today to result in the just retribution that overtook Sister Sue as it was then. Whether present remedies include the pep'-mint and catnip teas of my day or whether telephone, automobile, and a specializing physician have superseded the simpler antidotes may perhaps be questions more of locality than custom.

Such diseases as mumps, measles, chicken pox, and whooping cough were accepted as part of the infallible ritual of child growth and ran their course with little done to interfere or palliate. You gave the patient a pickle to diagnose a case of mumps. If the jaw cramped and cracked, then it was mumps sure enough, and the head was bound from ear to ear to prevent "catching cold in them."

The only really disconcerting condition in the minor diseases was when the rash wouldn't "come out." In my own case, the measles rash proved stubborn. Drastic measures were therefore employed. Underneath an old cane-seat chair a pail of hot water was placed. Then I, wrapped in comforters and quilts which also encompassed the chair, was set atop. From time to time a hot brick was put into the pail of water, which sent up a cloud of steam.

This accomplished the purpose, and I was put to bed, a most uncomfortable little girl but with the rash safely on the outside and also with a nice, satisfied feeling of having been fussed over.

Earache was another bugbear of our childhood. A drop of laudanum on a piece of cotton heated against the lamp chimney was the commonest remedy. If the attack came on in the evening while the menfolks were still about with their pipes, a few puffs of hot tobacco smoke driven directly into the ear afforded some relief.

Here again the flannel band came into use, tied about the head to protect the sensitive ear from wind and cold. No wonder there are not more old homespun woolen sheets to be had nowadays for love or money. As they grew thin and worn they were used for chest protectors, sore throats, binders for the head in case of mumps, toothache and earache. It is just as well that science has discovered new methods for alleviating pain, for, without the soothing qualities of the old flannel sheet, the other remedies would have held but poor footing.

In the matter of toothache, relief was sought in various ways. If the tooth "jumped," local applications of laudanum were applied to the afflicted gum, as were also camphor, peppermint, and oil of cloves.

Where neuralgia accompanied the toothache, a warmed bag of hops was applied, or a poultice of bruised horse-radish leaves was placed within folds of old linen and bound to the face, held by the flannel band. This usually blistered the face outside while some of the other drastic measures were setting up an equal torture inside.

A Dying Institution

Most of the children of my generation whom I knew intimately survived the vicissitudes of their day, and some of them still give promise of a reasonably able old age. But, since many have succumbed to such weaknesses of the flesh as the doctors say are attributable to early neglect, it would be thankless folly to credit old remedial measures with anything more than justice demands — they were the best we knew.

The doctor of that day, riding over sandy hills in summer and plowing through drift and rut in winter, did not scorn the home remedies which today are a matter of amusing reminiscence. On the contrary, he welcomed any succor, support, or aid that could be found in an effort to relieve his suffering people. If salt pork and stewed onions relieved a cough —

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why, give it. It was a cheap remedy and could do no possible harm.

Catnip tea was pleasant to the taste and soothing to the nerves. That and aniseed tea quieted many a baby that was probably underfed, but the doctor made no objections to an effort to appease it.

In the little oblong black bag, which he lifted from the "boot" of his high-seated, narrow-topped, covered buggy, were to be found such remedies as the household cupboard lacked — mostly powders which would be measured carefully out onto little slips of paper and placed in distinctive saucers, to be taken according to directions.

But of far greater importance than the medicines he carried in his bag — whether homeopath or allopath — was the deep sincerity of his rugged presence, the warm assurance of his friendly smile, the touch of his firm, sure hand, and the comforting feeling imparted through his cheerful voice.

He did not scorn castor oil, sneer at mustard plasters, regard ginger tea with supercilious smile, or jibe at gold thread for nerves. He laughed tolerantly at amulets and charms. He did not think he knew it all himself and he acted on the supposition that possibly something the other fellow knew might be just the one thing on which he himself was less informed. He even regarded Stewed Quaker with a lenient eye!

Showing of Hands Requested

A proponent (not Mrs. Margaret Sanger!) of revised federal legislation on birth control writes to the Editor:

"*Last year and this year I interviewed hundreds of Senators and Representatives. I believe I can say in all truth that the vast majority of Congressmen are personally favorable to birth control and the birth-control bill. These gentlemen say that as yet sentiment on birth control has not been crystallized throughout the country enough to warrant their making an effort to modify the present federal anti-birth-control laws. In short, what is needed to decide this vital question is a showing of hands.*"

Let there be a showing of hands by all means. Will readers give their answers to the two questions which follow?

1. Do you believe that birth-control instruction is an integral part of preventive medicine? YES OR NO

2. Do you believe that the federal laws which restrict the medical profession in giving scientific birth-control information should be amended? YES OR NO

Please jot down on a penny postcard "*Question No. 1*" and "*Question No. 2*," indicate your answers, and mail to

The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

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A PAGE FOR POETS

CONDUCTED BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH

President, Poetry Society of America

"E.A."

It was Alfred Kreymborg who said, as, on a chance meeting in Brentano's bookstore, we stood speaking of the services at St. George's on the previous Monday, "There is one phrase for Robinson, I think. It is: almost inconceivably integrity!" I too think that that is the phrase. When most of us review our own lives as artists, we are fortunate if certain ignoble compromises do not waylay and haunt us. "E.A.," though he may have had other regrets, could have had none of that kind. It was impossible for him to write a hack line.

People who praised him later were early astonished and irritated by what they called the obscurity of his style. They got purple about the gills over his pessimism and his refusal to pander to their candy-box morality. To magazine editors he might, for years, have just as well been writing in Choctaw. The world did not even gawk at him. It remained completely oblivious of him. He triumphed in the end without lifting a finger in his own behalf. He triumphed by sheer art and intelligence.

I have known no man except my own father more thoughtful of the feelings of others. For both were witty men, and neither with ever a trace of malice. Both were somberly agnostic, with a residuum of faith more valuable, because of their life-long investigation of the truth, than all the church services that ever were held. Both men possessed the mental integrity nothing could move.

Robinson left behind him a body of superb work that is a great inheritance to future generations in America. Whatever may come to pass in this country, such work will remain "a rampart to the mind." As a friend, "E.A." was an infinitely kind man. I only hope he knew how much some of us loved and admired him. But I have said too much already to suit with his admirable taciturnity!

William Rose Benét

The Poetry Magazines

There are probably several hundred small magazines in America devoted chiefly to the publication of verse. These periodicals help to relieve the anxiety of local poets who ask, "Where can I publish my rhymes?" Newspapers also provide a market for the versifier. *The New York Times* publishes an original metrical composition on its editorial page every day.

I have just counted the poetry magazines on my desk today. There are 42 of them. I shall attempt to classify them according to the quality of their offerings. The grading is personal, and other critics will disagree with my rating. The test is based on current issues, and I may wish to alter the order later, on other examples of these magazines. The courage of editorial policy is one factor in the estimate; another is the ability to attract distinguished work. No magazine need feel totally misjudged, as some good verse appears in every group.

First Group

Poetry: *a Magazine of Verse.* Monthly. 232 East Erie St.; Chicago, Ill.

This is the oldest and most firmly established of our poetry magazines. It commenced the best work of internationally famous poets and is at the same time open to the young poet, as yet unknown. It publishes also prose criticism and reviews that are both candid and compressed, pitiless and sympathetic. The Editor, Harriet Monroe, has recently returned from a visit to Peiping, and her April issue, before me, is a Chinese number. It includes a poem to "The Temple of Heaven" by the Editor, as well as an equally lovely prose comment on Peiping, where Miss Monroe found the new accessibility of the art treasures transcending the rather slight deterioration and decay under the Republic. This Chinese number presents a selected anthology of the poetry of early dynasties, contrasted with contemporary vernacular verse, rendered into English by several competent translators.

The Poetry Digest. Monthly. 516 Fifth Ave.; New York City.

This magazine has so far maintained a high average since its first issue in January, 1935, both in the catholic selection of reprints of current verse and in good original poems.

Alcestis. Quarterly. 551 Fifth Ave.; New York City.

A fearless magazine that presents, on invitation only, fresh and arresting verse of left-wing poets, artistically left-wing but politically apparently anti-communist. Some of the subjects will, of course, shock Boston censors, and some of its metrical adventurers will render conservative critics apoplectic.

Second Group

Smoke. Quarterly. P. O. Box 1273; Providence, R. I.

Experimental and keenly discriminative. Contains radical surprises but also verse that the conservative critics will admit to be authentic.

Voices. Bimonthly. 559 Madison Ave.; New York City.

Carefully edited by Harold Vinal, this magazine is a little precious for the hurried reader but always presents verse of distinction by real poets.

The American Poetry Journal. Monthly. 147–45 Ash Ave.; Flushing, N. Y.

Edited by Frances Frost: a fresh and varied selection of contemporary work by veteran poets as well as newcomers.

Third Group

The Lyric. Quarterly. 303 Jefferson St.; Roanoke, Va.

Commands a galaxy of Southern poets.

Decimal. Quarterly. 30 Mt. Vernon St.; Newport, R. I.

Short poems of individuality.

College Verse. Monthly, Nov. to May. 2305 Fulton St.; Berkeley, Calif.

National magazine of the best undergraduate work. The issue before me contains verse from Michigan, Texas, Northwestern, California, Washington, Bennington, Reed, Oregon, Lindenwood, New Jersey College for Women, Cleveland, Princeton, Harvard, Colorado, and Brooklyn.

(*This list continued next month*)

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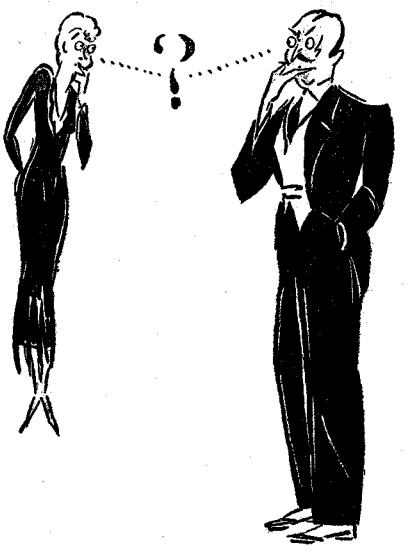
The last chance!



WHO SAID IT?

$1,000.00 for good memories

THE GREAT open spaces at last came into their own in THE FORUM's April-issue *Who Said It?* Contest. Whereas in the first three months Franklin, Indiana, was Farthest West for prize winners, Vermillion, South Dakota, where Ervie Lovejoy wins the $50 first prize, and Claremont, California, where Rosanne R. Mitchell wins a $10 second prize, have now captured this distinction. The Editor congratulates them, as well as Mrs. Louise J. Potter, of 414 West 121st Street, New York City, who upholds the honor of the East by taking the remaining second prize, also of $10.

If the Editor of the *Who Said It?* Contest drowsed when he selected the ten quotations for the March issue (which more than sixty persons guessed correctly), he did no such thing this time. Nobody got a perfect score, which is another little feather in the caps of the three successful competitors.

The number of entries in April was, however, the smallest of the four monthly contests so far completed. Pondering the reason for this defection, the Editor points the finger of suspicion at that pleasant disease of the season, which may make the thumbing of anthologies a dull business, spring fever. He hopes, nevertheless, that he is wrong. He hopes, in fact, that FORUM readers who neglected a chance to win one of the April prizes have their eyes on the more glittering reward of $500 in the Sweepstakes and will send in blanks for the month of April in time (June 14) to be entered for this grand and final prize.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt still lead the field as wrong authors of the most quotations. Doesn't anybody think this is getting a little tiresome? Benito Mussolini has passed Herbert Hoover. Other oddities: "Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." — William Randolph Hearst, one vote. "I do not mind being made ignominious, but I hate to be made ignominious by a man of that type." — Betty Gow, one vote.

The June-issue contest, quotations for which are on the opposite page, is the last of the series of six. The first prize will be, as usual, $50, but, in case you have forgotten our original announcement in January, there will be not two, but *ten* second prizes of $10 each. To be eligible for one of these eleven awards, your answers must reach The Editor of the *Who Said It?* Contest at THE FORUM office by 6 P.M. on June 14.

The deadline for Sweepstakes entries is the same — June 14, 6 P.M. You must enter the June contest to be eligible for the Sweepstakes prize of $500 but you do not have to send a single set of answers until that date, provided you surely mail *all six*, January through June, before time is up. If you lack a copy of one or more of these issues, send 35 cents for each copy desired to the Circulation Manager of THE FORUM; 570 Lexington Avenue; New York City.

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Contest Rules

1. *The Who Said It?* Contest is open to any reader of The Forum Magazine, except employees of The Forum, members of their families, or their relatives.

2. This issue of The Forum and each of the last five has contained ten quotations. The object of the contest is to identify the individual who uttered the quotation.

3. In the June contest The Forum Magazine will award a first prize of $50.00 and ten prizes of $10.00 each to the person or persons who submit the *most nearly correct* sets of replies. In addition to the monthly prizes there will be a Sweepstakes prize of $500.00 for the *most nearly correct* replies in *all six* sets of quotations. All entries will be dated in order of receipt, and weight will be given to promptness. Allowance will be made for entries mailed from distant points. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of The Forum.

4. Entries of answers to the set of quotations printed in this issue must be received by the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, The Forum Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by June 14, 1935. The closing date for the Sweepstakes prize is also June 14. Contestants must sign their names and give their address. Entries received without name and address will not be considered.

5. Entries must be sent in on the entry blanks printed in this and the last five issues of The Forum Magazine.

6. The Editor of The Forum Magazine will be the sole judge of the *Who Said It?* Contest, and, by submitting their entries, contestants agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of The Forum Magazine in any and all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the awarding of prizes.

7. Any contestant may enter as many sets of answers as he pleases.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The Editor of The Forum Magazine cannot undertake to enter into correspondence relative to the *Who Said It?* Contest, nor will any entry or set of entries be returned.

ENTRY FORM—JUNE

Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest
The Forum Magazine
570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

I desire to submit the following entry in the *Who Said It?* Contest and I agree to abide by the Contest Rules printed above.

Who Said It?

1. Many are poets but without the name. . . . . _____
2. If a man owns land the land owns him. . . . . _____
3. Hatreds are the cinders of affection. . . . . _____
4. The people are satisfied with the Roosevelt Administration. _____
5. There is nothing more to say
   They have all gone away
   From the house on the hill. . . . . _____
6. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry. . . . . _____
7. It is absolutely necessary to pour a discreet amount of water into the wine of this exaggerated optimism. . . . . _____
8. Excessive taxes break down respect for government and bring on hatred of it. . . . . _____
9. Chaos will be the end. . . . . _____
10. Let all things be done decently and in order. . . . . _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

This form must be received by June 14, 1935

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

ACHIEVEMENT

To the Editor:

. . . "A New Adventure for Women" [April Editorial Foreword] does not give a true picture of the situation in regard to women's work in the field of crime prevention and correction.

Prison reform is not a new adventure for women, as it is more than 20 years since the General Federation of Women's Clubs began its work for prison improvement, which resulted in the establishment of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. The present program of the Federation has been highly commended by the Department of Justice.

The Federal Industrial Institution for Women, and practically every other correctional institution for women, was established through the efforts of organized women. Ever since the act was passed creating the Federal Industrial Institution for Women, I have served on the Board of Advisors as the representative of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to guarantee to the women that the institution is conducted along right lines.

The first attack on the jail system was made by the organized women of the District of Columbia and resulted in the establishment of the District of Columbia Penal Farm at Occoquan.

The President of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs is now organizing public opinion in that state to bring improvement in the jail conditions.

The greatest achievement of all has been that of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in co-operation with the American Federation of Labor, the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, and the Manufacturers' Conference on Prison Industries, in securing the passage of the federal Hawes-Cooper Law, which has struck the deathblow at the prison contract system — that survival of slavery which has underlain much of the evil in the American prison system; and today the state federations are organizing the same forces to secure constructive employment for prisoners.

I have not mentioned the work for child-guidance clinics, juvenile courts, and other crime-prevention activities, as an entire issue of your magazine would be required to list them. I do hope [you] will endeavor to correct the wrong impression [you] have given.

JULIA K. JAFFRAY

New York, N. Y.

Miss Jaffray is Chairman of the Department of Public Welfare of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The Editor is glad to learn of the good work the Federation is doing in the field of prison reform; he regrets that he did not have this information when the April Foreword was written.

VIVISECTION

To the Editor:

. . . Miss [Ragna B.] Eskil's arguments ["Is Vivisection Inhumane?" debate with Irene Castle McLaughlin, April FORUM] are like the shifting sand on which she stands.

If there are devils incarnate, surely they take form as noble vivisectors doing such research work in the name of humanity. And their disciples are those ignorant, gullible, and supremely selfish ones who are willing to benefit at the expense of another creature's torture.

That they do not really benefit is another secret of the laboratory which has seeped out, although the laity continues to believe that a greater than God works miracles of benevolence in those laboratories. . . .

WILLSON BARRETT

Rusk, Texas

To the Editor:

. . . Mrs. McLaughlin rather ingeniously makes it appear that the present issue in Chicago is something entirely separate from the general campaign of the antivivisectionists. It is true that a number of cities have made obligatory the killing at the city pound of all unclaimed dogs. The most effective strategy of the antis at present is to eliminate, if possible, all public pounds as sources of supply for the medical schools. This will drive the schools either to raise their own dogs (Mrs. McLaughlin has frequently suggested this, though she well knows that the cost would be prohibitive) or to buy from private individuals. The latter course would expose us to the danger of buying stolen animals. The antis could then make publicity about our buying stolen pets and use it to create sentiment against us. Or they could encourage lawsuits against us by the real or pretended owners. . . .

The antis in Chicago are at present simply making a flank movement to gain an objective which they cannot reach by a frontal attack.

L. D. MOORHEAD, M.D.

Chicago, Illinois

Dr. Moorhead is Dean of the School of Medicine of Loyola University.

To the Editor:

As a lover of dogs, I should be firmly on the side of those opposed to animal experimentation. Reason, however, detached from sentiment, compels me to believe that the dog has filled an honored place in medical science as a means for determining the advantages to human life of certain forms of treatment. Science declares, and this seems undisputed, that thousands of human lives have been saved and are being saved as a result of knowledge gained from experiments upon animals. I am absolutely opposed to cruelty in any form directed against a dog, but in these days of modern anesthesia it is hardly believable that experiments are ever performed without this aid.

FLORA MERRILL

New York, N. Y.

TIMETABLE NOTE

Russell Ecroyd (Bicicletas y Accesorios al por Mayor y al Detall) *writes from Castellon, Spain, to note some inaccuracies in "Birthright in Andalusia," by Theodore Pratt, the April short story.*

. . . Even in fiction some facts ought to be correct, and others *essentially* true. The direct train which leaves Alicante at 6:55 A.M. and stops at all the intervening stations (51), reaching Granada, 257 miles away, in 14 hours and 25 minutes, does not change at Alcantarilla and has not done so since some years before the Republic. The name of the town is naturally fictitious. But what we have to complain of is the bad intention towards the Spanish Republic. . . .

THE FORUM *harbors not even one bad intention toward the Spanish Republic, which may well point with pride to a train that stops at 51 stations and gets anywhere at all in 14 hours and 25 minutes.*

COUGHLIN CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

Are certain of your writers merely goofy by cultivation or just goo-goo from birth? Only a powerful appeal to mercy much overstrained of late would prevent a soft spring squash from being heaved in the direction of a few of them.

I refer particularly to David Carl Colony's preface to his article ["Dictator Coughlin"] in the April FORUM. . . . From what deep inspirational spring does Colony get his gall to produce such a preface? Whence his abundance of snobbery as he pursues his devious course in his article, and why then his curious sniveling? Is it jealousy, fear or does he just need the money? A Shoshoni Indian

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OUR ROSTRUM

would blush to take the coin. Colony needs a thorough course in Logic somewhere and right away. Is there a night school in Philadelphia?

I refer also to the assertions set forth and utterly without supporting proof by Mary O'Neill in her article entitled "Should Catholic Priests Marry?" in your May FORUM. Is there any common sense left in the world? How could it be possible to pack more blather in such a short space? What did Mary O'Neill try to do — accomplish a tour de force and then suddenly develop a painful mental arthritis, or did she just take a flop in her rush to the pie counter?

Cheerio, Colony and O'Neill; while you are at the pie counter, forget your shrill wailing and loud calls upon the Catholic Church to clear the air and let sweet digestion wait on gall bladder.

FELIX GALVIN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . It is gratifying to see that a Christian clergyman [Father Coughlin] has the courage to leave for a while the realm of exhorting against personal sins and speak out against social wrongs and evils and not leave it, as do so many of his confreres, to the kindness and goodness of heart of the rich and powerful to see that the poor and oppressed receive justice.

MARGARET G.

Watertown, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . The real problem with respect to Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice is whether it is capable of threatening the stability of our national government. It is not difficult to find evidence that this is the case.

The members of this Union are numbered in the millions. They are strongly attached to Father Coughlin by bonds of religion. In the very recent past they demonstrated their political power by frightening the Senate, at the request of Father Coughlin, into rejecting the entrance of the United States into the World Court. . . .

HARLEY GERES

Hartford, Conn.

To the Editor:

. . . This ignominious Capitalistic tool of a Colony. This chief cohort of the Devil who will at no very distant date be sojourning in Hell, if there is such a place. This contemptible Hypocrit who for the present is trying to besmirch the name of a Man who is a friend to Man. . . . My vocabulary is not great enough to hurl all of the epithets this Traitor to his country is entitled to.

J. P. GOEHRING

Wymore, Neb.

To the Editor:

. . . As a Protestant, I wish to rise to the defense of Father Coughlin and tell the American people if it had not been for Father Coughlin this country would have been communistic, long before this.

The United States had to have a fearless leader come forward to prevent a SOCIAL UPHEAVAL, and it fell to the lot of a Catholic priest to give the masses a ray of hope; MORE POWER TO HIM. . . .

ALICE S. CUTLER, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

On April 21, the Rt. Rev. Michael G. Gallegher, Bishop of Detroit, spoke in Father Coughlin's regular Sunday-afternoon broadcast. According to the newspaper reports Bishop Gallegher said:

I pronounce Father Coughlin sound in doctrine, able in its application and interpretation. Freely I give him my imprimatur on his written word and freely I give my approval on the spoken word. May both be circulated without objection throughout the land. Under my jurisdiction he preaches the just codes of the Old Law and its commandments. He teaches Christ and the fathers and the doctors of the Church. He preaches the encyclicals and applies them as he has been ordered to do. Until a lawful superior rules otherwise, I stand steadfastly behind this priest, Father Coughlin, encouraging him to do the will of God as he sees it and I see it.

Bishop Gallegher's address was later described by Father Coughlin as "one of the most historic addresses ever made in this nation." Thus are answered the questions Mr. Colony raised in his storm-stirring paper in the April FORUM.

MIKE VS. HANK

To the Editor:

May I state that without any question the May FORUM contains the finest battle I have read in years? I refer to that page on which you quote Michael Williams and then answer him? That fight rated a Madison Square capacity crowd. I congratulate you both for your spirit.

However much one likes both battlers in a ring, both can't win. As George Blake says, there never was a real draw. So with sorrow I must state that Mike Williams gets the nod over Hank Leach.

Doc, you forgot the initial rule of success in the prize ring: "Don't forget to duck!" One small infraction of this rule has ruined many a fine jouster. . . .

Here all the time you conducted your magazine in an ultramontane, pro-Romanist manner, and this Williams accuses you of being an anti-Catholic wowser!

Well, Sir, I would say to you that you should now change your line. All intelligent Catholics (just as there may be a few nonintelligent non-Catholics, so there

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OUR ROSTRUM

may possibly be a few intelligent Catholics) agree with Mr. Williams. These articles written by "Catholics" fall flat. Everyone believes they are build-ups. Do you imagine that this O'Neill article deceives anyone? Don't be silly! If you acquired more artlessness, your anti-Catholic artfulness might succeed.

Goddard, my old pal, your type of religious fair-mindedness reminds me of that first (and last) Epirote to make the front page (the year was 270 B.C.). Paraphrasing his soliloquy, may I say, "One other fair-minded, broad-minded, open-minded editor such as Henry Goddard Leach, and the Church of Rome would be no more."

P. MORIARITY

Los Angeles, Calif.

BARBARISM

To the Editor:

After eighteen months of combat with the barbarous habit of prefixing a surname with the adjectival title "Reverend" or "The Reverend," in the Far West, I reached the conclusion that it was a losing struggle. On my removal to the Eastern United States, I congratulated myself that at least I should not be hit in the face with this usage every time I picked up a newspaper. . . .

You can imagine therefore the shock with which I opened the April FORUM a few days ago and read on page 201 in large type: "Father Coughlin has been invited by the Editor to reply in THE FORUM to the Reverend Colony's charges." And the Editor who has done this thing is Henry Goddard Leach!

But, seriously, this is a grave misuse of the English language, to leave aside as less important the sensibilities of those who wear or might wear the cloth. Who would speak of . . . the Honorable Borah, United States Senator from Idaho? I should therefore appreciate your giving publicity to this letter. . . .

CHARLES W. LOWRY, JR.

Alexandria, Va.

Mister Lowry is Associate Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va. It was not Henry Goddard Leach but a subeditor from the West who thus misused the King's English. He has been rebuked and instructed.

ART: A COMMODITY

To the Editor:

. . . I have just read the article on "Art and the Community" [by Ralph M. Pearson] in the May FORUM. . . . I have the utmost contempt for the artist who snivels in protest every time the public in general or the rich patron in particular exercises a judgment as to what they — the public and the patron — want to buy. Mr. Pearson calls it "colossal effrontery" when Andrew Mellon seeks to make Washington a center of art. What . . . does he think the Medici wanted to do with Florence? And did they dictate their artistic desires or did they not? The flourishing periods of art have always depended upon the prosperity of a few; and, once art is placed upon the market, it is a commodity to be bought and sold as the buyer, not the artist, wishes.

What does it mean to say that the new art center "will recognize the artist as a creator of new experience organized into a plastic 'symphony' of form and color, called design"? That is meaningless or else wrong: experience is never created by anybody; art is created out of experience. . . .

BURNHAM CARTER

Washington, D. C.

HARBINGER OF RENAISSANCE?

To the Editor:

I wish to thank you for . . . T. R. Glover's article "The Challenge of the Greek" [May FORUM]. It is delightful, stimulating, and absolutely true. One fondly hopes that it may be the harbinger of another Renaissance. . . .

C. W. PEPPLER

Durham, N. C.

Mr. Peppler is Professor of Greek in Duke University.

MAY DEBATE

To the Editor:

. . . If the utility holding companies ["The Holding Company Bill"; John T. Flynn, for; Philip H. Gadsden, against; May FORUM] were destroyed, as provided by the present bill, I am confident that a great many of the small companies could not stand on their own footing and render good service at anywhere near the present rates to the consumer. I am further convinced that the condition in the utility industry would be such that government ownership of the utility industry would then be necessary, and the government cannot run this twelve-billion-dollar industry as efficiently as private industry, without great expense to the taxpayers of our country. . . .

Then, there are millions of small, honest investors who have invested their life savings in public utilities, who would realize practically nothing on their investments if the holding companies were to be destroyed. . . .

I do not want to be misunderstood, for I am absolutely in favor of such legislation as may be necessary to prevent the abuses that have been carried on by some

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OUR ROSTRUM

of the companies in the past, but abuses by some companies do not justify the destruction of all utility holding companies. . . .

JOHN G. COOPER
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Cooper is a representative in Congress from the Nineteenth Ohio District.

To the Editor:

When I read such damnable lies and maliced misrepresentation as appear on page 262 [Mr. Gadsden's side of the holding-company debate] of your May FORUM my American blood boils.

It is true that when the Power Buzzard sweeps down through a series of small towns, say of 100 to 500 population, it is cheaper for them to take power from the P. B. than to furnish it from a municipal plant of their own.

In this city, a few years ago, I led the fight to have a municipal light plant. . . . This city is owned body and soul by Henry L. Doherty (whom I consider Public Enemy Number One), operating behind the skirts of the Public Service Company of Colorado, which is owned by the Cities Service Company. . . .

There is no issue before the American people today that can compare with power and who shall control it — the damndest outfit of power thugs or the people. These foul birds that hover over our cities try to make us believe that they are heaven-sent doves, but they are birds of prey — peculiar sort of birds, having both talons and fangs — and how they do make the American rooster (the so-called businessman) hunt his chicken coop!

ERNEST LEAVERTON
Grand Junction, Colo.

To the Editor:

I am one of those small investors about whom Mr. Gadsden has professed so much concern. His arguments seem insincere, and that part is purely propaganda in which he says the "average holding" is "$400." My "$400" holding has shrunk to a few pennies, and I expect further shrinkage. But, with lower local rates now on ice (and we expect lower rates soon on gas), I shall save many times my present equity in utility stock.

I'm strong for Mr. Flynn.

CHAS. A. WAGNER
Natchitoches, La.

FORUM IN CONGRESS AGAIN

On April 23, Senator Harry S. Truman, of Missouri, read excerpts from Russell Holt Peters' articles ("Death on the Highway") in the February and March issues of THE FORUM *on the floor of the Senate. At his request the articles were reprinted in the* Congressional Record.

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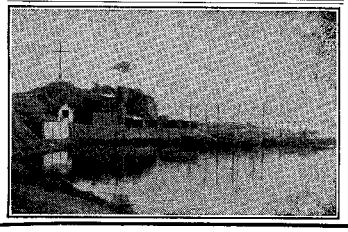

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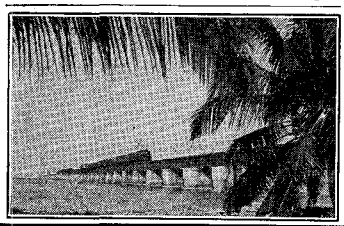

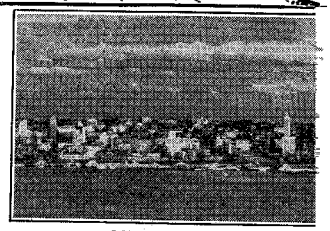

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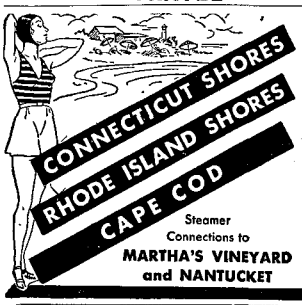

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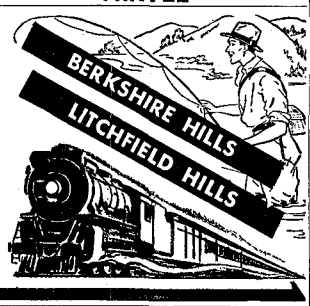

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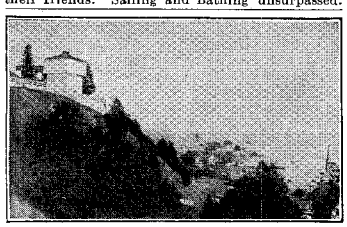

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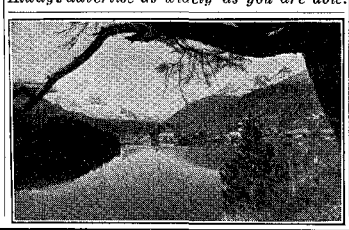

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OUR ROSTRUM

Minister and Priest

To the Editor:

In reading Mrs. Mary O'Neill's 'Should Catholic Priests Marry?" [May Forum], another point occurs to me, which think she hardly mentions. Not only, as he says, are we so biologically organized hat one set of nerves operates to control nly one mode of conduct, but the intense oncentration of mind and will upon that rea inevitably withdraws attention from ther vulnerable fields. I may illustrate rom what happened during the police ommissionership of Theodore Roosevelt n New York City. In his determination o enforce, absolutely and to the letter, the very strict laws requiring the Sunday losing of all the thousands of saloons in he metropolitan area, it was necessary or him to detail practically his entire police force on this one job. The result: ther crimes, such as burglary, homicide, tc., increased at once, so that it became ecessary to abandon his "strict enforcement" policy. I think the application is lear. Mrs. O'Neill is right, I believe.

Shelton Bissell

Franklin, N. H.

Mr. Bissell is Minister of the Village Congregational Church, Franklin, New Hampshire.

To the Editor:

Although . . . Mary O'Neill . . . may, as she says, have a son who wants to be a priest, I take leave to doubt that she herself is a Catholic. I base this surmise not on her opinions on clerical celibacy, of which I will say nothing, but on her ideas of the nature of man himself. For instance, she holds that "a very intricate nervous system . . . regulates the behavior of every human being" and then proceeds to expound a very naïve theory of human behavior determined by nerve responses to certain stimuli. If she were a Catholic she would be committed to no such materialistic psychology. The Catholic believes in a spiritual (without her quotation marks) soul that can control behavior with a free will co-operating with Divine grace. If she were a Catholic and hence a believer in responsibility for our acts and in a reward for them in another life, she would hold a psychology completely at variance with her present animalistic one.

Wilfred Parsons, S.J.

New York, N. Y.

Father Parsons is Editor of America, *national Catholic weekly.*

Women in Germany

To the Editor:

. . . There is too much soft soap handed women today about their "opportunities." The alert minds of women and their quite generally idealistic approach to their citizenship responsibilities constitute a menace to the established order, of which the majority of men are too well aware — and not alone in Germany.

There is no good reason why women cannot rear a family and at the same time fulfill a needed service in the public interest in their respective communities. I think that this is the answer to the concluding paragraph of Miss [Ruth Frances] Woodsmall's article ["Women in the New Germany," May Forum] and that women everywhere will be able to make effective contributions despite their present handicaps.

Elinore Morehouse Herrick

New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Herrick is Director of the New York Regional Labor Board.

To the Editor:

. . . During my recent visit in Germany, which was chiefly devoted to finding out the truth about the New Germany, I became especially interested in these two phases of National Socialism — *Die Winterhilfe* and the place of women in the Third Reich. Both of these are very important for an intelligent judgment of Germany, for they show National Socialism in action.

My observation was that the women in the Third Reich have a much larger sphere of activity now than they ever had before. The work of women has been so well organized that it has given them an opportunity for greater expression and more intensive work which has a direct bearing on the well-being of the whole people. This the women did not have before.

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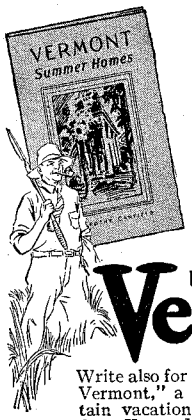

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My name and address are on the margin. Q-2

OUR ROSTRUM

Women in Germany have by no means been relegated to a drab subservient position limited to *Kinder, Kueche und Kirche*, nor is there any comparison between the proverbial *Hausfrau* of earlier days and the modern woman of today. She takes a very active interest in the affairs of her people but under the organization she does that work for which she is best suited. One has but to inspect the stations and offices of the winter relief to find one very important phase of activity for the German woman, a work which is not cluttered up and hindered by highly paid relief workers and so-called experts in social service.

I am sure that there are many Americans who appreciate the fact THE FORUM is living up to its name and is permitting well and correctly informed people to present the case of the many interesting and fine things which are being done in Germany today. This is especially refreshing after the wrong impressions which a prejudiced press has given to the American people.

B. VON SCHENK

Hoboken, N. J.

MAY EDITORIAL

To the Editor:

I was much interested to read . . . "Education for Patriotism" [the Editorial Foreword] in the May issue. . . . If anything could be worked out along the lines of the Danish Folk Schools in this country I think it would be an achievement. One thing that must be watched, of course, is to see that such schools do not fall into the hands of the professional patriots, the military-minded, the regimentalists, etc. The schools really ought to be run by boards of trustees totally independent of whatever political party may be in power. Only in this way can they be kept free. . . .

DOROTHY KENYON

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Please let me commend [you] for your admirable editorial recommending that the CCC camps or their equivalent be retained as a national institution.

Anyone who has looked at statistics at what has been happening in our country, not merely during the depression but for the last half century, must realize that the normal age at which boys and girls are called upon to earn their living has been very much extended. The trend in hours of labor called for from our working classes has been steadily downward. Both of these results are the benefits, if we can capitalize them, which have occurred from the use of the machine. The most serious stoppage and backing up in our social system, as I see it now, is the one which affects our

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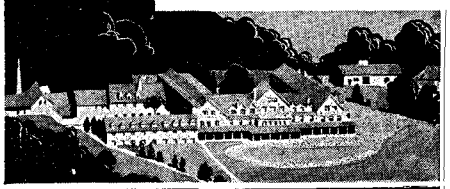

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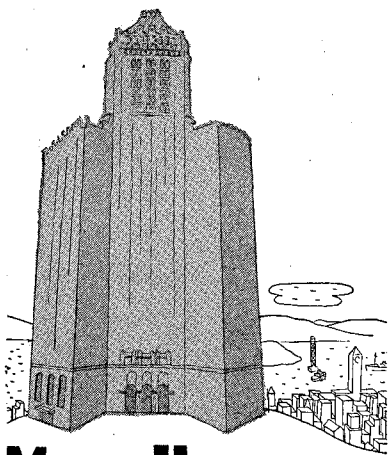

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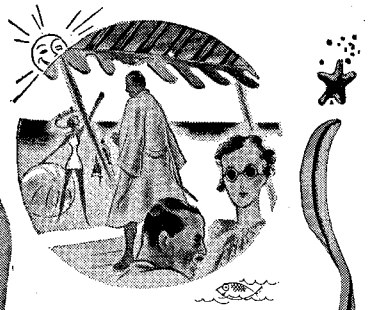

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OUR ROSTRUM

young men. They are eager for action, and their interests have not yet been focused or canalized. Not all of them should be in our colleges. I feel sure that few projects which have originated in the depression are more likely to prove permanently useful than our CCC camps.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS

Princeton, N. J.

Few men in America are as well qualified to speak of young men and their problems as Dean Gauss of Princeton University.

To the Editor:

. . . I can see nothing in the current behavior of the Federal Government to warrant the hope that it will prove itself capable of setting up "a measure of what is essentially American in our adult education." I should regret the retention of the CCC camps as a permanent national institution. . . .

ANDREW C. IMBRIE

Princeton, N. J.

NOISE

To the Editor:

. . . I feel that the general public is apt to consider much of our city noise ["Our Noisy Civilization," by E. E. Free, May FORUM] as an indication of activity. People feel that it is as inevitable a part of city life as taxes, and, while they kick about both, they really do not expect to have anything accomplished. What we need to do is to teach the public that something can be done about noise and that, while it may indicate activity, it usually indicates inefficient, rather than efficient, activity. . . .

RALPH G. MCCURDY

New York, N. Y.

HUXLEY

To the Editor:

While reading the second article of Aldous Huxley on "Science Views the Supernatural" [May FORUM] I admired once again the marvelously wide knowledge of the author and his soaring imagination. With him I would like to encourage the investigation of alleged supernatural phenomena by competent persons, instead of letting our ignorance stimulate superstitious tendencies. But I ask myself whether, unintentionally, this paper with its staggering assumptions (one of them being the presumption of what has not yet happened) is not bound to do the reverse: fertilize the ground for the harmful superstitions such as flourished before science had destroyed the witches and transformed mesmerism into hypnotism.

JAMES H. LEUBA

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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TOASTS

BEN COTHRAN was born in Tennessee and has lived most of his twenty-seven years in Georgia. A newspaperman (from sports writer to city editor), except for a brief interlude as construction engineer, until last year, he is now with the J. Walter Thompson Co. in New York.

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM, formerly a prominent figure in the publishing world, is the husband of Amelia Earhart.

JOHN DEWEY, perhaps America's greatest philosopher and educator, has just given the Page Barbour lectures, on "Liberalism, Past and Future," at the University of Virginia and is now engaged in writing a book on logical thought.

TYLER DENNETT, who became President of Williams College last September, was formerly Professor of International Relations at Princeton University and, prior to that, served in the State Department in Washington.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER is an ex-member of the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor* and contributes to that paper articles on peace efforts and co-operative movements.

MARY M. COLUM has returned to New York City after a winter in Florida, where she lectured at the University of Miami.

HARRY SODERMAN has served as an expert in scientific police work in Paris and New York and now teaches police science at the University of Stockholm.

JAMES L. MURSELL is Professor of Education at Lawrence College, in Appleton Wisconsin. He teaches psychology of music at Teachers College, Columbia University, in the summer. His article in this issue will be part of a book dealing with that subject.

J. LIONBERGER DAVIS is Chairman and President of the Security National Bank of St. Louis.

THEODORE MAYNARD was born in India and spent his early life in England. He came to this country in 1920 and has taught at Fordham and Georgetown Universities. He is now at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. He has written several books of verse and a novel.

CHARLES NORMAN lives in Asheville, North Carolina, and his poetry has appeared in many American periodicals.

F. S. BRIGHT has been a practicing, lawyer in Washington for over fifty years

JEROME BEATTY, an ex-newspaperman, did publicity and advertising work in motion pictures for fifteen years and turned to free-lance writing in 1929.

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON has long been a leading figure on the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

DELLA T. LUTES, is the author of several books on various phases of housekeeping and has contributed to leading magazines. She lives in Holliston, Massachusetts.

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